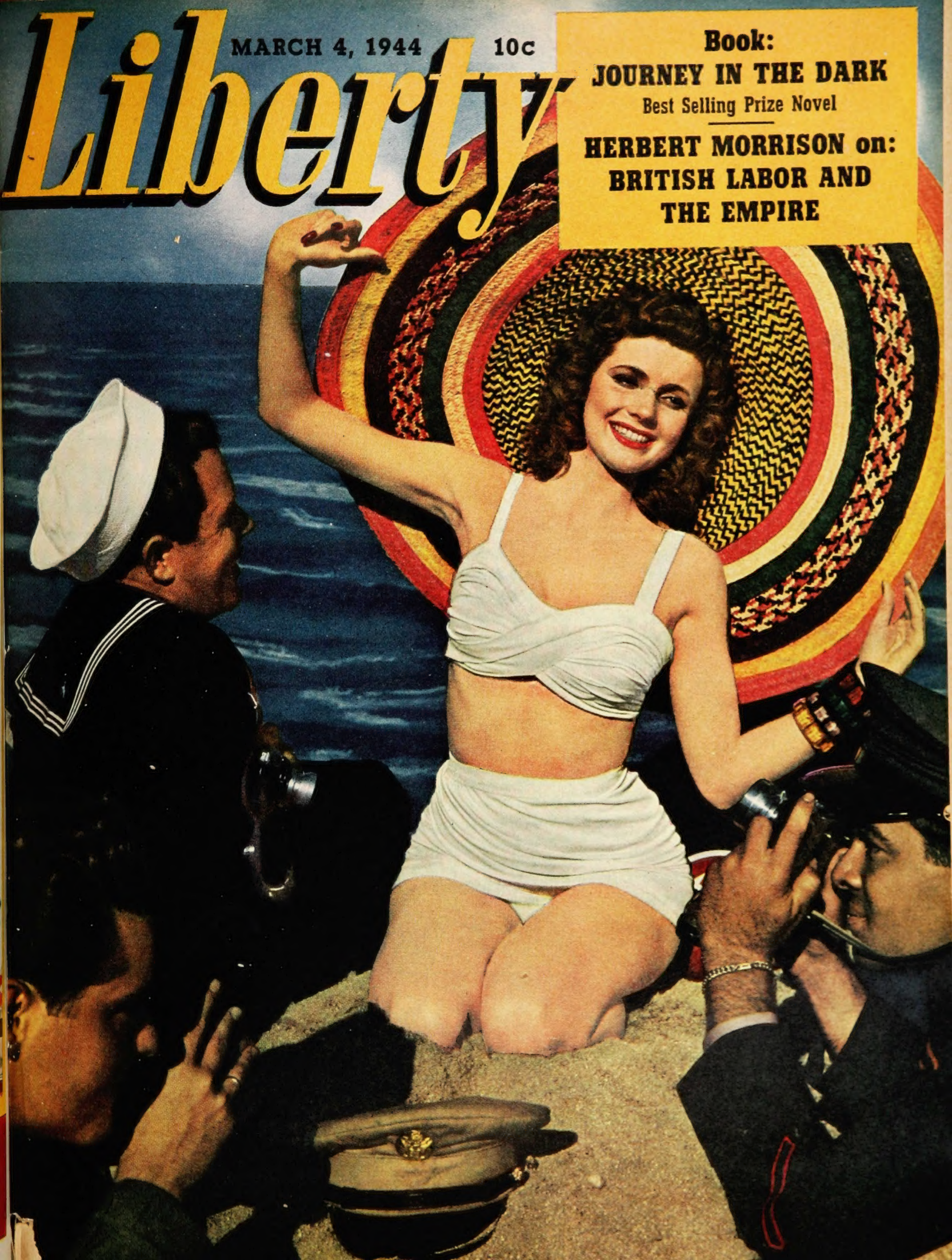
Liberty

MARCH 4, 1944 10c

Book:
JOURNEY IN THE DARK
Best Selling Prize Novel

HERBERT MORRISON on:
BRITISH LABOR AND THE EMPIRE



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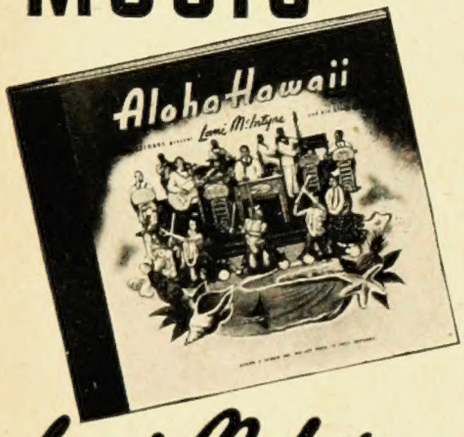
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LAY THAT PARACHUTE DOWN, HAL!

CAMP MACKALL, N. C.—We are members of the U. S. Army Parachute Field Artillery, 462d Battalion, and we would like to express our sincere pleasure in reading Hook On! Stand By! Go! by T/Sgt. Hal Goodwin in January 29 Liberty.

This dramatic and stirring account of what it takes to be tough, even by Marine Corps standards, has unified us in one desire. If we all sign our names to a petition and send it to the Marine Corps, do you think it would be possible to borrow one marine for each plane to jump No. 1 man in combat for us? Any marine will do—even those 'ittle bitzy ones that can go out a C-47's door shoulder to shoulder!

Do you think that because the paramarines have always jumped in combat

off a landing barge it would make any difference? Tell us, kind sir, was it The Halls of Montezuma or Geronimo that was heard in Sicily, Lae, and North Africa?

One more thing. In all my experiences with the U. S. Army Paratroopers, I've never had any pep talks before a jump, nor have I ever seen a man slip in the door and have to crawl out. It might have been that the sergeant mistook slipping for weak knees.

Geronimo!—*The Boys of A Battery 462d.*

CAMP MACKALL, N. C.—The article concerning those jumping bellhops, the paramarines, amused and angered me. Did that guy ever hear of a paratrooper training four months instead of the four weeks he went through? That's what the picked paratroop regiments of the Army go through.

Or did he ever check the headlines to see who makes combat jumps? I didn't hear of any marines jumping in Sicily, Africa, or New Guinea. Apparently that sergeant believes the saying I heard long before I got in the Army: "The Army does the work, the Marines get the glory."—*Pvt. Stewart Steele.*

CAMP MACKALL, N. C.—Referring to the article Hook On! Stand By! Go! I would like to clarify a few points. The so-called Army Parachutists' war cry "Geronimo" has only been used by the test platoon of the Army Paratroops, their emblem having been the head of the Indian chief Geronimo. It has not been in use since.

We can authoritatively state one instance where a number of would-be paramarines taking their training at the Army Parachute School at Fort Benning, Georgia, found the normal Army-Trooper course so rugged that they quit.

The Allied High Command recognizes the Army Parachute School at Fort Benning, Georgia, as the finest in its field.—*The Men of Regimental Headquarters Company, 515th Parachute Infantry.*

CAMP POLK, LA.—We paratroopers are quite "hot" after reading Hook On! Stand By! Go!

On the whole, the article is realistic, but slightly inaccurate in spots. I regard it as impossible for them to jump a sixteen-man stick in four seconds. Maybe the bottoms of the planes fall out? We have jumped twelve men in eight seconds, which is considered very fast and almost unsafe.

Reproachfully yours—*Staff Sgt. Carlton Boyer (an ex-marine, incidentally) and Enlisted Men of the Third Platoon of G Company, 511th Parachute Infantry.*

Liberty has been snowed under with letters from irate and amused paratroopers. Sorry we couldn't print all of them. Here's hoping these settle the score for you!—VOX POP EDITOR.

CROCODILE TEARS

SHARON, PA.—On reading the quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes on "easy-crying widows"* in Liberty of January 8, I was reminded of an old Irish aunt of mine. She and I were driving home from a neighbor's funeral, where the new widower had filled the house with the noise of his sobbing and crying. I was much distressed, and my

aunt comforted me by saying, "A bawling cow soon forgets her calf."

Sure enough, the noisy weeper took unto himself a new wife within three months.

A pithy saying from a farm woman, a maiden lady, born in Ireland.—*M. R. W.*

*The quotation was: "Easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there's nothing like wet weather for transplanting."—VOX POP EDITOR.

WE "SEE WHAT HE MEANS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Referring to the condensed story of See What I Mean? (January 15 Liberty), I want you to know that it is the best reading material that I have found for quite some time. Won't you please have more just like it?

It is that wonderful sense of good humor that is added to See What I Mean? that I enjoy most. Seriousness, yes, the story was filled with it; but we all want to read something funny in between once in a while, too. So I am hoping that there will be more such stories.—*Leona Koszyczarek.*

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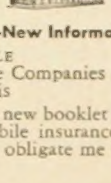

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RAINY-DAY REVERIE

BALTIMORE, MD.—Indulging in my rainy-day special privilege of reading back numbers of Liberty, I ran across MacKinlay Kantor's story Gentle Annie in last July 17 Liberty. Read it, then re-read, for fear that I might have missed a word.

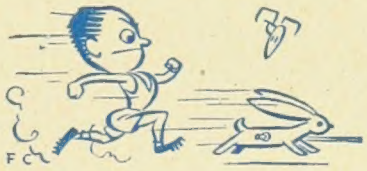
If the three best for '43 could be picked, this would be one of them. Thanks for the pleasure.—*Newell Warner.*

A FAST PACE ANYWAY

HANOVER, N. H.—In January 22 Liberty there appeared an article, Wings on His Heels, by Harman W. Nichols and Oscar Fraley.

May I correct a statement made in this article? It states: "Hulse would be a cinch to kick off a four-minute mile if properly paced—not by other runners, as Glenn Cunningham was when he hit off his unrecognized 4:04.4 indoor mile at Dartmouth."

I promoted this race, and it was not a paced but a handicap race. The runners were officially handicapped by



the New England Amateur Athletic Union handicapper. The race was recognized by the Amateur Athletic Union and still stands as the world's indoor record and is official.

In a paced race, several runners carry a runner along for part distances and then may quit. In a handicap race, the runners are allotted certain handicaps, and all start together at the gun and finish if they can.—*Harry Hillman, Coach Track, Dartmouth College.*

The handicaps in Glenn Cunningham's 4:04.4 mile on Dartmouth's indoor track were designed not primarily to assure an equality of competition but to get the top speed out of Cunningham. The authors used the term "pace" merely to stress the idea of pitting Hulse against a mechanical rabbit—to the same end. The A. A. U. lists Cunningham's 4:04.4 time as an indoor record for a track of more than 220 yards per lap—an oversize track. The official indoor record for a standard track is Cunningham's 4:07.4.—VOX POP EDITOR.

SUGGESTION

SAGINAW, MICH.—My two sons are collecting the cartoons in Liberty and compiling them in scrapbooks to send

to their uncles who are in the service. They have been doing this for nearly a year and now have quite a good-sized book to send to them.—*I. M. Braun.*

KING SHANE AND HIS SUBJECTS!

JACKSON, MICH.—I claim to be Ted Shane's most loyal subject. Several years ago I hitchhiked eleven miles for a copy of Liberty, since that week a Cockeyed Puzzle was due. How about that for a record? Had a broken leg on the hitchhike trip, too.—*Harry Hodgson.*

ARGENTINA'S BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY

By Carl Crow

What makes Argentina a Pan-American problem child? Why has she been out of step with the United Nations for so long? Here's an article that gets to the roots of the situation.

THE HEART NEEDS HOME

By Hamlen Hunt

"Home" was a word Dan hated—until he met a girl who found out that he was a tough guy on the surface only.

BOSS OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES

By Keith Ayling

An intimate glimpse of General "Hap" Arnold—the man who built our Army in the clouds into the world's most formidable flying machine.

THE ROCKET PLANE—AND NOW WHAT?

By Waldemar Kaempffert

What is this jet-propelled airplane? What is its future, when civilians can rocket through the skies? Hop aboard—and hang on.

BRASS HATS ARE STRANGE GUYS

By Ernest Lehman

Liberty's Short Short

The best bowler in the plant gets "drafted" for the bosses' team—and discovers it is possible to bowl well but not too wisely.

LEAKS IN THE VEINS OF AMERICA

By Helen Weigel Brown

Gasoline is the nation's lifeblood in this war. The black market is real gangster stuff. Here's the story of who's in it and why it must be smashed.

THE PACIFIC IS MY BEAT

By Keith Wheeler

Liberty's Book Condensation

He started the day after Pearl Harbor and he covered most of the action in the Pacific—through the taking of Attu, where American soldiers faced the bloodiest, grimmest fighting that any war has ever brought this country. A story you'll never forget, and never want to forget.

HOW CRAZY ARE CRITICS?

Probably every motion picture critic in America has been called crazy—or worse—during his career. That's natural, in a field where one man's orchid is so often another man's onion.

Personally, we at Warner Bros. dote on critics, and proclaim their soundness of judgment. Why shouldn't we? Consider:

* * *

Four Warner Bros. pictures were among "The Ten Best" of 1943 selected by 439 leading newspaper and magazine critics in an impartial nation-wide poll. (No other company had more than two.)

Warner Bros.' "Watch On The Rhine" was voted The Best Picture Of 1943 by the Motion Picture Critics of New York—who also voted our Ida Lupino The Best Actress, and Paul Lukas (for his performance in a Warner Bros. picture) The Best Actor.

And recently, *The New York Times*, in reviewing a WB picture, referred to this company's "*enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making*".

* * *

We think these and other tributes from critics reflect strongly on the rightness of a long-standing Warner Bros. policy: *to make pictures that will help to further those freedoms which are basic to democracy.*

And whatever the verdict on critics, they seem to see eye to eye with you, the American public. For you have, by your enthusiastic acclaim for our product, proved your agreement with that policy!

You'll prove it again when you see

IDA LUPINO

and

PAUL HENREID

in

"IN OUR TIME"

NANCY COLEMAN · MARY BOLAND · VICTOR FRANCEN · NAZIMOVA

Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN · Produced by JERRY WALD

Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch · Music by Franz Waxman

For here you'll find not only a wondrous love story, brilliantly and tenderly told, but also a story of a man and a woman who learned that ecstasy alone is not enough for those who seek happiness.

It is, we feel, *one of the most important Warner Bros. pictures ever made.* Be sure to see it.

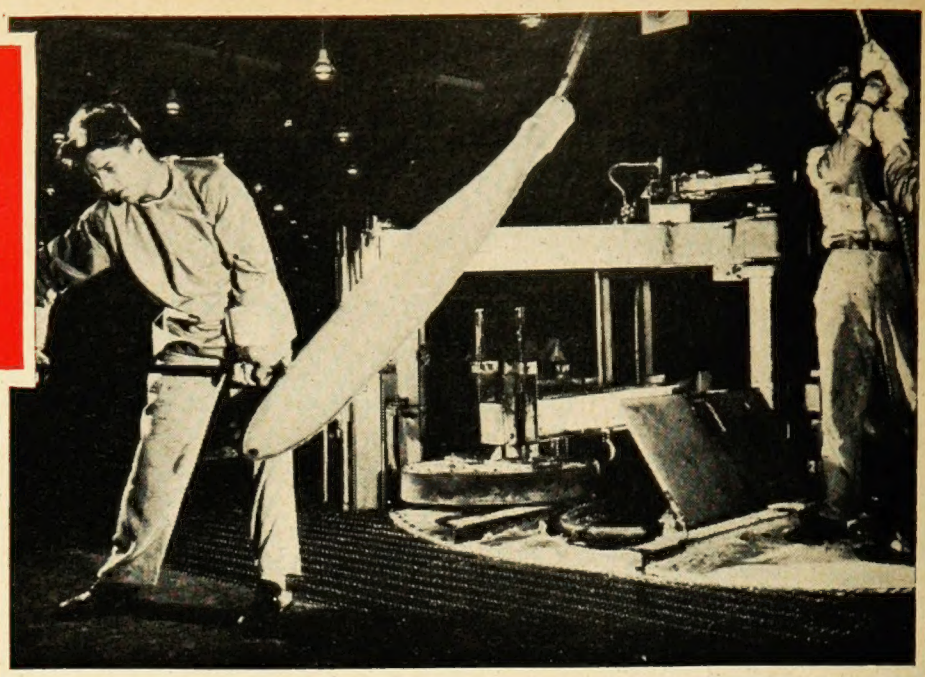
WARNER BROS. PICTURES
INCORPORATED

JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE · DESTINATION TOKYO · THE DESERT SONG · WATCH ON THE RHINE · THIS IS THE ARMY · PRINCESS O'ROURKE · OLD ACQUAINTANCE

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



A new high record has been set by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation in the manufacture of hollow steel propeller blades for combat planes.

A Formidable New Plane

The joint British-U. S. announcement of the development of jet-propulsion airplanes removed a cloak from one of the greatest secrets of the war to date.

Jet propulsion is a new chapter in aviation history. Based upon entirely new principles, this type of airplane may have very great possibilities in the future. It is capable of great speed.

There is no propeller, and there is no engine in the accepted sense. The propulsion is by chemical reaction rather than internal combustion. It involves compression, heating and expansion of air mixed with fuels, and the higher the altitude the more efficient and economical the operation.

Kerosene is the fuel used in the present British and American versions, although the Italians several years ago experimented with a jet-propulsion plane that depended very little on fuel and very largely on air. Theoretically, at any rate, the Italian plane could have a tremendous flying range, but there is much work to be done before this type of propulsion is perfected. Even with kerosene, the operating costs are much less, the weight capable of being lifted greater, and maneuverability and altitude limits are as good or better.

Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo is the builder in this country and regular production is to be under way soon. How many of these curious airplanes will be used in combat remains to be seen, but it is a certainty that some Japs will wish they had never met up with them.

Those who have flown in the Bell plane say there is a strange lack of sensation or realism about it. Since there is no conventional engine, there is no noise in the cockpit. But to those on the ground there is a terrific noise after the plane has moved overhead. The important feature is that no noise is heard until the plane passes. In several respects the plane is on the order of a rocket ship. Experts agree that widespread use of the jet-propulsion plane is a considerable distance away even though it will have special uses before the present war ends.

Large-Scale Shipping

Can you imagine a store with 500,000 different items? That's five times as many as are listed in the Sears Roebuck Catalogue. But that's the number of items in the 300 warehouses of the Air Service Command, and that's the number required to equip, service, and supply the Army Air Forces.

Most of these supplies are moved by ship to 210 foreign ports—and how they need supplies! For every pilot overseas, the Air Service Command sends out an average of nine tons of aviation supplies monthly—*nine tons for each pilot each month!* Air warfare doesn't merely consist of a few men and a few airplanes. It's a massive movement on a prodigious scale. Even the job of shipping airplane parts is a sizable one, for we have 150 aircraft types in the A. A. F., and as much repair and overhaul work is done near combat areas as possible. The storage space for all aviation supplies in the United States alone would fill a building 75 feet wide and 100 miles long.

The Air Service Command is proud of its employment record. Of its 300,000 employees, 43 per cent are women, and many of the workers were previously considered unemployable. The handicapped, the blind, and midgets are found suitable tasks. And as for aviation gasoline, the A. S. C. supplies 4,000,000 barrels of this fuel a month within the United States alone.

Safety in Training

Every day the Army Air Forces has about 120,000 men training in the air. With such a volume of training in progress, accidents are inevitable, but the A. A. F. is very proud of its safety record.

Ninety-five out of every hundred A. A. F. pilots in training can be expected to fly through the next twelve months without a scratch. Since some of this training is in combat formation, the maintenance of a safety record of .083 accident each 1,000 hours flown for the full fiscal year 1943 is considered remarkable.

During the fiscal year 1943 the A. A. F. flew more than 3,352,000,000 miles, equal to 134,000 trips around the world. And this figure excludes all overseas or combat flying—it merely includes training and all other flying within the United States. But despite this vast increase (three times more miles flown than in the whole preceding twenty-year period), the rate of accidents is lower than the average rate for the ten peacetime years of 1931 to 1940.

The A. A. F. uses every means to teach accident prevention, such as films, lectures, study take-offs, landing, weather conditions, airport clearances, and the like. Every accident, however trivial, is investigated and the findings are used in an effort to prevent future accidents.

The Black Widow

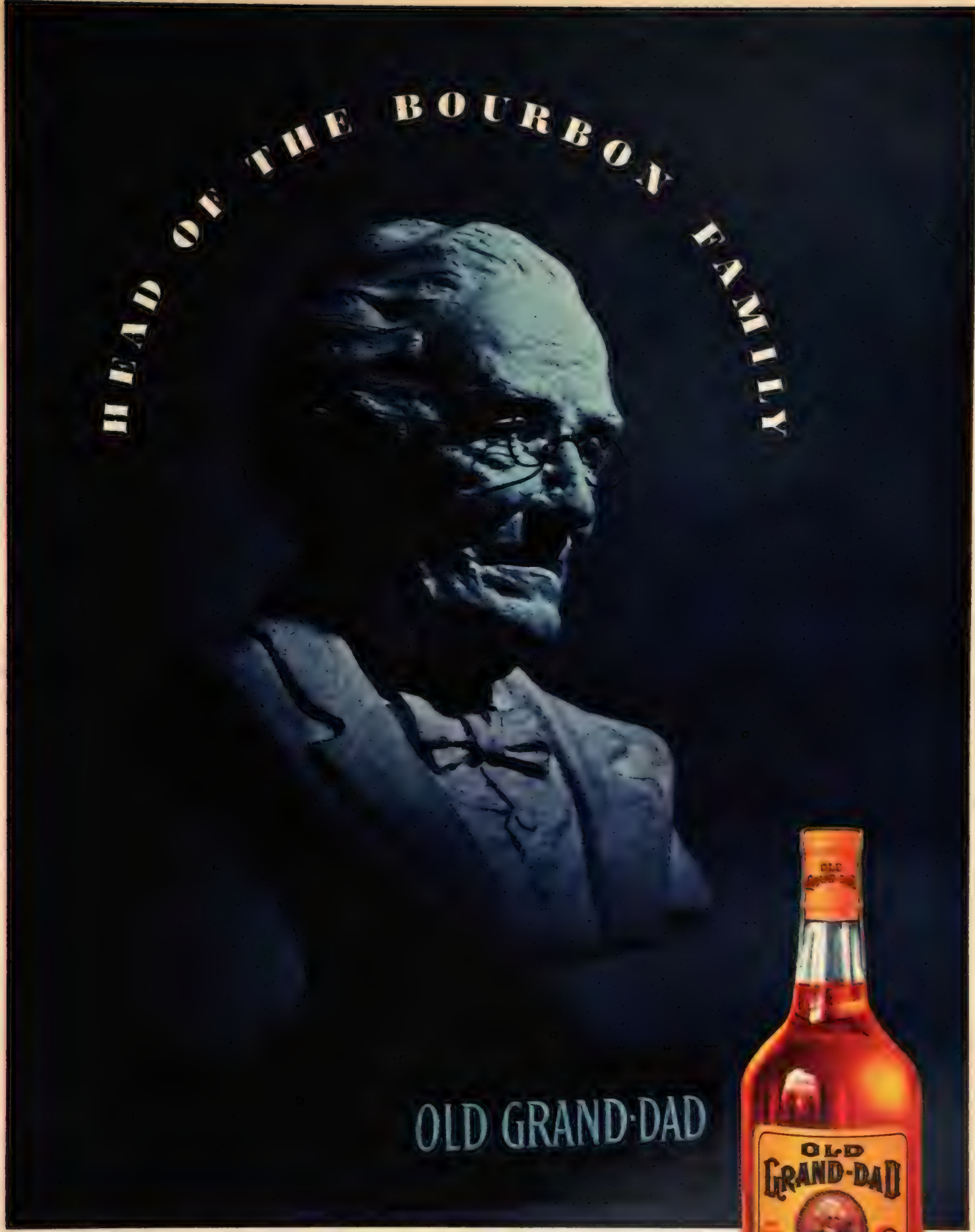
One of America's newest combat airplanes is very appropriately named. It's called the Black Widow and, as you might suspect from the name, it's a night fighter. With the black paint customarily used on aircraft for night operations, it is an awesome and unpleasant sight—at least to enemy airmen.

The Black Widow is the outgrowth of research and development by the Army Air Forces and Northrop Aircraft, Incorporated, of Hawthorne, California. It has been three years from drafting board to production line and its A. A. F. designation is the P-61. It is heavily armored and armed and it's powered by two Pratt & Whitney engines.

While details are secret, of course, the A. A. F. says the Black Widow has a fairly long range, and has effective speed and climb characteristics. This is the first American plane specifically designed for night fighting.

Efficiency Plus

Here is a story for the history books. On July 15, 1943, the engineering officer of the Twelfth Air Force was in Sicily to decide upon an overhaul base for our combat airplanes. Equipment and spares were badly needed, for the air offensive was on a large scale. Having decided in a hurry, the officer left Africa on July 16 and arrived at Patterson Field, Ohio, headquarters of the Air Service Command, on July 19. Supplies were accumulated rapidly, the officer took off in a four-motored plane loaded to capacity with trained men, and landed in Africa on July 23. Planes bringing everything else he needed followed within a few hours. He had been gone exactly one week.



ALWAYS A RARE TREAT

One taste will tell you why

PLEASE BE PATIENT! We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

"Hi, Mom, It's Me"

The next best thing to having a soldier open the door at home with "Hi, Mom, It's Me" is to hear him say it over the telephone.

Tonight thousands of boys and girls in uniform will be asking for the Long Distance lines that connect them with their homes all over America.

Please try to give them the wires between 7 and 10 P.M. so that their calls can come through quicker.

Your help keeps telephone doors open.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

The girl opened her blue eyes wide. "Aren't you Jeff Conley?"

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

PART ONE

Jeff Conley comes home wounded from the war to find that a girl can change her mind and that the old patterns of life are different and disturbing. The first installment of a timely serial—a story for every soldier and those who wait for him

THE station at Twin Buttes was nothing but a shack and a cinder path, and nobody was around to see me when I got off the train. But I was glad of that. It was a comfort to come home in peace, without the fuss of a town welcome. When the train had pulled out, it was good to stand alone in silence and look west at the far-off jumble of the Stillwaters and the darker peaks of the Humboldts beyond. I used to see them every day of my life before the war, yet never felt as I did today. Once they'd been just mountains; now they were old friends. I smiled at them and let the minutes pass.

Not that I wasn't anxious to get into the valley where I could throw my arms around ma and Ellie Carmichael and—yes, even Uncle Hoke if he was sober. But before I talked to any of them I wanted to fill my eyes with all of this. And I wanted to let the hot Nevada sun pour into my bones. And then I wanted to walk down the valley road on my own two legs, forgetting the weakness in them and the dull pain of the wounds.

"Get under a tree and don't even bother to move the first six months," the lieutenant had said when I'd told him where I was going. "Those ribbons on your chest *entitle* you to a rest."

And I'd said, "That might be fun, sir. Only trouble is I can't afford to rest too long. Got to find some way of earning money."

"Not before you get some strength."

Well, I knew what would give me strength today, all right. Just breathing clean Nevada air that didn't have a hospital smell in it. Just gazing at sagebrush flats and red buttes, at stretches of alfalfa or a range covered with bunch grass. These were the things that belonged in my life. The sight of them could warm my body like good medicine. I had an idea they'd give me all the strength I needed—even the strength to talk to Ellie Carmichael the way I had to talk to her now, about her and me and the promise we'd made each other to get married when I came home.

The train whistle, half a mile away, took me out of my thoughts. I picked up my bag and started walking.

If you wanted the short way home, you went up the hill from the station and straight through Twin Buttes. But that would mean having folks stop you all along the street to shake your hand and slap your back and ask a hundred questions about Guadalcanal and New Guinea. It was queer how people expected a buck private to tell about the war like a general. All I knew was the little I'd seen, and I didn't want to talk about it.

So instead of climbing the hill I fol-

lowed the trail along the tracks. Where they curved south, I turned north across Torgensen's meadows and came to the valley road a mile below town. It was a dirt road, and it felt fine to kick up Nevada dust again. I noticed it was the same color as my uniform, hardly showing where it settled in my clothes.

Then I saw my shadow, and it made me grin. It was long as a pole. You'd have sworn it was the shadow of a man on stilts. Two months in the hospital had left me mighty thin, and I guessed I looked even taller than the six feet two they'd put into the Army records. Ma would have a fit, seeing me like this. She'd start right in fattening me. Mostly with beef, I hoped.

SOMEWHERE back on the road a car tooted its horn.

I looked around. It was a big red car, coming fast. A streamer of dust trailed it. I stepped off the road and waited to let it pass.

Long before it reached me I knew it must belong to one of the Ducanes. No other family around the valley would own a car as powerful and expensive as that. I watched it come; and as I stood there, not moving, I began to wonder if I'd been relying too much on my legs. The knees felt shaky. Little spots of pain pinched at the calf muscles, too.

All of a sudden four miles seemed a long, long way to go, and I wished the red car would give me a lift.

When it was a hundred yards away, still churning up a lot of dust, I motioned with my thumb. It began to slow down. That made me feel better. A dark man with glasses was driving, and a stocky man sat next to him. It was Will Ducane, all right. I recognized the heavy face.

He was holding a handkerchief to his nose and he looked mighty angry. The car had almost reached me—in fact, it seemed ready to stop—when Ducane leaned sideward to say something to the man at the wheel. The driver nodded, put on speed—and the red car whizzed right past me.

I stood in its dust, with my bag under my arm, and said aloud, "Well, I'll be damned!"

I said a lot of other things, too.

This wasn't the way valley people treated one another. I'd never known any of the folks around Twin Buttes to pass a neighbor without offering him a lift. But then, I reasoned—and I was sore about it—the Ducanes were different. The Ducanes weren't neighbors. They just lived here. They didn't want to be friendly.

"No use holding a grudge against 'em," ma used to say. "Maybe if we had their money we'd be different, too."

Still, I was puzzled as I went on walking. They'd had plenty of room in the back of the car. Why couldn't they have stopped? Even if Will Ducane hadn't recognized me, he oughtn't to pass up a soldier asking a lift in these hills.

I walked half a mile, still feeling riled; and then, as I came near the red face of Navajo Butte, I knew I'd better sit down quick. My legs weren't acting right at all. I found a flat-topped rock and settled on it, stretching out my feet in their heavy G. I. shoes. And because I needed cheering up, I quit thinking about Will Ducane and thought about Ellie Carmichael instead. I thought about the laughter in her eyes and the way she had of shaking back her red-gold hair.

"Of course I'll wait," she'd said when she kissed me good-by a year and a half ago. "You know you can count on me, Jeff."

Well, the waiting was over now.

But if I expected to marry Ellie, I'd have to find some way of earning money mighty soon. The doctors had told me straight I wouldn't be any good for hard ranch work. Learning something new was quite a problem. I had a few ideas, of course, but a lot depended on how Ellie felt about them.

For about five minutes I considered them while I rested. Then the sound of another car made me look up the road.

This one was yellow, with an open top. It roared along so fast that the wall of dust behind it was like a smoke screen laid down by a plane. I started to get up, but sank back with a laugh that was pretty harsh. There were only three of us in the valley—we Conleys, the Carmichaels, and the Ducanes; and neither ma nor Dan Carmichael would be sporting around in a streamlined yellow roadster. So this must be another Ducane—maybe Will Ducane's son or his daughter. And I wasn't going to beg another one of *them* for a lift. I just sat still.

But this car stopped in front of me. Out of a great billow of brown dust a girl called, "Going into the valley, soldier? Want a lift?"

I got up with the bag, feeling better. Maybe not all the Ducanes were alike.

"Thanks," I said. "I could stand a ride."

BY the time I walked over to the car, the dust was settling. There were two girls in the seat, both very young. The one at the wheel was a pretty little thing, maybe sixteen or seventeen, with a red band tied around chestnut-colored hair. She wore a red pull-over sweater and a short skirt which had hiked up over her knees. They were nice knees, round and smooth. She had on socks that were red, too, and a pair of old moccasins. The other girl, a slinky blonde, wore brown slacks and a blouse with a lot of Indian signs to decorate it. Seeing them made me think of the high-school-age jitterbugs I used to watch in San Francisco before I went overseas.

"If you don't mind my squeezing in—" I began.

"Sa-ay!" The girl at the wheel opened her blue eyes wide. They were full of surprise. "Aren't you Jeff Conley?"

"That's right."

"For heaven's sake!"

"Why?" I asked, starting around the car. "What's the matter with being Jeff Conley?"

Maybe she didn't hear me. She looked down at my bag and back at my face. "Just getting home?" she asked.

"Fresh off the train."

"And nobody to meet you at the station? No crowds?"

Instead of answering I got into the car, squeezing in beside the blonde. It felt good to sink into the soft leather seat. It made you want to slump down and sigh. As I put the bag between my feet and pulled the door shut, I asked, "Why should there be any crowds?"

"Why?" She made it sound as if there was no sense to such a question. "After all the papers said about you? They were just *full* of stories! Didn't you know?"

Yes, I knew. Ma had sent every newspaper in the county to the hospital. They were bad enough to boost my fever. I'd made the nurse get rid of them quick before the other fellows in the place could read the exaggerated hero stuff.

The girl said, "I think folks around here are awful stinkers not to give you a welcome."

"Well, I didn't write anybody I was coming."

"Oh, Peggy," she said to the blonde, "*you* remember my telling you about Jeff Conley. The one who got all those Japs. . . . This is Peggy Allenwood, Jeff. She's visiting with us."

I said I was glad to meet Miss Allenwood, and Miss Allenwood blinked her eyes at me half a dozen times and gave me a bright smile and said in a breathless kind of way that it was just wonderful to know a man who'd really fought the Japs.

The girl at the wheel wasn't even trying to start the car. She had turned to me, and her wide blue eyes were shiny. The way she stared, as if I was something special she'd found all for herself, made me fidget.

"Jeff Conley!" she said again. And then she asked, "Do you happen to remember *me?*"

"Sure. You're Ducane's daughter—Lila Ducane."

My knowing that pleased her. She drew up her knees and let her eyes slide over me. Here I was, anxious to get home, and these girls just sat there, glowing.

"You know," Peggy Allenwood said, "you don't look a bit like a man who's been shot."

"It don't show through the clothes," I said.

Lila Ducane reached past her friend to touch the campaign ribbons on my chest, the way a child might get the feel of a new toy. "Are these for the medals?"

They weren't, but I didn't want to explain how most of us were wearing medal ribbons on the inside, where they didn't show, because a lot of our buddies who deserved as much as we'd got didn't have any such medals.

"Which one is for the Distinguished Service Medal?" she asked.

"Look," I said. "Couldn't we start driving?"

Lila Ducane laughed. The sound of it surprised me. It wasn't at all the laugh of a youngster. It was too low and wise, and it made me feel I ought to take a second look at her.

"Can it be," she asked, "that you don't like hero worship?"

"Not," I said, "when I'm in a hurry to get home."

Peggy Allenwood blinked her eyes at me. "I think he's the modest type," she said; "modest but strong. You know."

LILA DUCANE turned to the wheel, and then we were speeding toward the valley. There was a funny flicker in her eyes. I wondered if she was laughing at me; and I wondered if she ought to be treated like a woman or a kid.

Her hair streamed back in the wind Her nose was very small and straight. It was a kid's nose, all right. But her chin was a woman's, and a pretty stubborn woman's at that. She must have inherited it from her father, I thought. All in all, though, when you came to study her, Lila Ducane was a mighty good-looking girl

Then I forgot her, because the wind was wonderful. It brought all the smells I'd longed for—the smells of dry alfalfa, of Nevada soil, of wild flowers on the hills. I leaned back, closing my eyes This was perfect. This was home.

"Did dad pass you on the road?" Lila

(*Continued on page 66*)

Ma must have seen how I felt.
I couldn't help its showing.

Labor's Herbert Morrison is Secretary of State for Home Affairs and Minister of Home Security in the British Cabinet.

BRITISH LABOR LOOKS AHEAD

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

Herbert Morrison is top man of British Labor and a member of the Cabinet. In a frank interview he answers some questions about the Empire's future

COCKNEY-BORN Herbert Morrison is a phenomenon in British politics. The son of a Brixton policeman, he holds two major portfolios in Britain's war cabinet: Secretary of State for Home Affairs and Minister of Home Security.

Articulate, philosophical, handicapped from birth by an affliction in one eye, Morrison is regarded by proud British Laborites as splendid proof that the "old school tie" is no longer a noose around Britain's political neck. This may be debatable, though it is probably true that Morrison will become the Labor Party's next candidate for Prime Minister.

Morrison's critics still find it hard to forget that he was a conscientious objector in the last war, which he called a "capitalist brawl." Most Britons, however, let bygones be bygones when they remember that Morrison's magnificent administration of the kingdom's home defenses did almost as much as the Royal Air Force in winning the Battle of Britain.

A Socialist, Morrison was once a strong critic of the British Empire. Yet in war's whirlpool, when British thinking, like British ships, has set sail for unknown ports, Morrison's newly found concept of the Empire may well become the compromise philosophy of the whole British nation.

In this exclusive article for Liberty he explains the Empire to the American people in simple terms by answering seventeen pertinent questions. Here he sums up the best credo the British can offer to the people of one fourth of the world who make up their Empire. Churchill's famous phrase, "I did not become His Majesty's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire" will find sympathy, yet intelligent probing, in this testimonial from Britain's ever-widening Liberal corner.

QUESTION: *Are the British Dominions really free, or do they continue under a measure of control by Britain?*

MR. MORRISON: Whatever other false concepts may exist in America concerning the British Empire, I cannot imagine why the idea seems to persist that the Dominions are not completely free. They are entirely self-governing, entirely masters of their own political destinies.

These are not mere words. This is fact. For proof, look at Eire, or Southern Ireland. She decided to stay out of the war and was left free to do so, even at the expense and great hurt of the Empire's cause, as well as that of the other nations. Look at Canada and Australia. In 1939 they decided against conscription, thus limiting the size of their armies; yet the decision was left entirely to them. Look at South Africa. She voted to go to war only by a narrow majority, and even then decided to fight only in Africa.

These nations are absolutely free to do as they please. This is quite clear to Britain. It is quite clear to the Dominions. Now, once and for all, let it be clear to the whole world.

QUESTION: *Then, if the Dominions are free, just what holds them within the orbit of the British Empire?*

MR. MORRISON: For one thing, we stay together for reasons of self-interest. The British Navy protects not only Great Britain, but, with the help of the smaller Dominion navies, all the Dominions as well. Canada uses Britain's supreme court to settle her disputes—not because she can't have her own, but because the British court is one of the oldest, ablest, and finest in the world, and Canada sees no reason why she shouldn't use it.

Another vital reason for hanging together is that we may trade with each other and use each other's ports. There is so much of this common pooling, there are so many communal interests, that space forbids my going into detail. However, for those in an argumentative mood, I can say this: at the time of disastrous Dunkirk any Dominion that wished to could have withdrawn from the Empire and left us to stew in our own juice. That no Dominion did so is the best proof of our common tie.

Yet another reason for our unity is mutual affection. We like them; they like us. We are a "community of nations," as the United States is a "community of states." In other words, we are trying in the international sense just what America has tried in a continental sense.

Incidentally, I am amazed to find that some people still think that Great Britain collects taxes from the Dominions. The fact, of course, is that we receive not a penny from any of them.

QUESTION: *Isn't this the first time in history that such an association of nations has been tried?*

MR. MORRISON: The answer is definitely yes. And I believe that in this world—so long afflicted by problems arising from the unequal growth among different lands and peoples—such a union as exists in our Empire is Britain's greatest contribution to political progress. As all recent history shows, today's trend is to build larger units from smaller ones—not to break up existing units.

This is no time for political separatism, no time to multiply the numbers of half-grown autonomous states dotted about the world. This is the time to hold fast to every fragment of unity in the world. The more enlightened people of Britain have long stood for, *not* a principle of our domination in the Empire, but a principle of cohesion within it.

QUESTION: *What is the difference between the terms "British Empire" and "British Commonwealth of Nations"?*

MR. MORRISON: The terms are generally used interchangeably. Some purists, however, hold that the "Commonwealth" includes actually only the United Kingdom plus the Dominions, whereas the "Empire" includes all that —plus India, the colonies, mandates, protectorates, and so forth.

QUESTION: *Your term, "a community of nations," seems to fit the free Dominions, but what about the colonies, where Britain still controls legislation, finance, and foreign policy?*

MR. MORRISON: Judging by past experience, all these colonies will be granted Dominion status as soon as they are capable of self-government and are economically able to support themselves. The best proof of this is history, which shows that exactly that has been happening to British colonies for many years now.

QUESTION: *Meanwhile, are the colonies being exploited?*

MR. MORRISON: First of all, let me make it clear that the British *government* has never had a policy of exploitation. Instead, the British government, as a government, puts a great deal of money into the colonies, for which it gets no full return. In other words, the British government is not in business. Nor does this government try to monopolize the trade of the colonies. Nearly two thirds of all they produce is sent to non-British parts of the globe.

QUESTION: *Then who does the exploiting, if the British government doesn't?*

MR. MORRISON: You must remember that our Empire grew up over a period of several centuries, largely from trading and other commercial interests. For example, the East India Company developed India commercially for many, many years before the British government assumed control of Indian administration. As always in history, the flag followed trade.

Many of these great commercial interests are still alive, still playing a part in our colonies which isn't always beneficent. Such great corporations are not to be admired in our colonies, any more than they are to be admired in Britain or America or any other capitalist country. Yet Americans as well as Britons know how long and tedious is the task of "trust-busting," whether in one's own country or in a colony.

QUESTION: *Is it possible to determine the trend of British public opinion about the role of these giant corporations in the colonies?*

MR. MORRISON: As a people, we are only now beginning to realize the implication of the fact that private corporations have responsibility only toward their shareholders. The British people do not want to have on their conscience the irresponsible handling of the millions of partially developed peoples who have been entrusted to their care. Recently there has sprung up in this country a strong new interest in bettering the conditions of our colonial peoples.

QUESTION: *How does it happen, Mr. Morrison, that the people of the world's greatest Empire have never before seemed particularly interested in that Empire?*

MR. MORRISON: No one is interested in things or people or countries too far from home. For example, what interest does the average American have in Alaska, the Virgin Islands, or Samoa? The reaction of all people regarding territories seems to have been the same: they've wanted the colonies looked after properly, but haven't wanted to bother too much about them.

QUESTION: *What finally did awaken British interest in the Empire?*

MR. MORRISON: Several factors. First, the fall of Malaya in early 1942 was a profound shock to the British people. Aside from the military disaster, we were startled to discover that the native population was not as actively combatant on our side as we should have liked. This emphasized some possible weaknesses in our colonial regime.

Secondly, criticism from abroad, including America, has provoked us to interest and investigation. Third, British Liberals, as well as the British Colonial Office itself, have long been propagandizing for the betterment of the economic and political conditions of our colonial peoples.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Inspecting London's fire defenses on the anniversary of a fire raid on the city.

Total War on Intolerance

BY BENJAMIN FINE

The "Springfield Plan" is causing a sensation throughout America. Here's how one city took the bull by the horns to solve the problem of races and creeds

"TOMORROW'S assignment," said the English teacher, "will be a thousand-word theme on prejudice."

After class a bright-eyed girl came to him, visibly disturbed, and blurted out: "I'm sorry, but I can't write on prejudice."

"Why?" asked the surprised instructor.

"Well," she confided, "I studied prejudice in my sociology class last semester and found out how silly it is, so I've given it up."

For the first time in the history of American education a scientific attempt is being made to uproot racial prejudice and religious intolerance, and to teach the ideals of American democracy positively through the schools. A conscious effort is being made to teach youngsters to accept one another without regard to race, creed, color, or economic differences. But it doesn't stop there. An entire community is embraced in the program.

And the program is succeeding!

Four years ago Springfield, Massachusetts, became the scene of this dramatic experiment, now known in educational circles throughout the country as the Springfield Plan.

Springfield was selected, at the suggestion of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, because it is a typical American city. A large percentage of its population of 150,000 is of French-Canadian, Italian, Irish, Polish, Russian, and Greek origin, and it has the usual minority quota of Jews and Negroes. Its school system of 25,000 students and 1,000 teachers is probably as typical and wholesome as can be found anywhere in the land.

At the outset it was plain that, to be effective, the program would have to reach not only the students but the community. Accordingly, the project starts with the nursery school, goes into the kindergarten, the elementary and junior-high grades, high school, and then to the adult level. And in four years the educators concerned with the plan, headed by John Granrud, superintendent of schools, have seen remarkable results. While near-by Boston, Hartford, and Bridgeport have suffered sporadic outbreaks of anti-Semitism, the residents of Springfield have busied themselves learning how to work and to play together and to accept one another's differences and cultural backgrounds without distrust.

Their schools have become a national laboratory in education for democracy. Thousands of teachers from all parts of the country flock to see this system in operation. Last fall the Pittsburgh Board of Education voted to install the Springfield Plan in the schools of that city. Great Neck, Long Island, has taken a similar stand. Key cities throughout the nation are planning to adopt the program.

How does the plan operate? [illegible] time it is very simple. The class-[illegible] where the pupils submit their own prejudices to honest and objective self-analysis. Tolerance of races and religions is taught, not through lectures and preachments but through day-to-day experiences. It isn't enough to set aside fifteen minutes a day and call it the "tolerance hour." New York City tried that—and failed.

In co-operation with the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, for example, students examined a collection of ecclesiastical objects of all the great religions. They observed actual religious ceremonials and services, performed by clergymen of the various faiths.

The Washington School went further than that. A year ago Christmas, with the co-operation of Jewish and Christian leaders in the community, the school put on a joint Christmas-Channukah pageant in which both Jewish and Gentile children participated. The purpose of the pageant was to emphasize the historic similarities in the two festivals, rather than the differences. The children discovered a resemblance between the Christian story of the Child and that of Hannah and her sons. The Feast of Lights appeared in both. Both stories could have the same setting and dress.

Dr. John Granrud, Superintendent of Public Schools in Springfield, Mass.

Much of the story was written by the pupils, under the direction of teachers and parents. A local rabbi helped them in getting historical material. The parents made the costumes. The pupils were allowed to pick those who would take the leading parts, and they chose a Jewish boy for the Father and a Gentile girl for the Mother. There were three scenes from the Old Testament and three from the New, and the music combined Christmas carols and Jewish hymns.

The pageant was so well received, even by the ultra-orthodox of both religions, that the school decided to make it an annual event. Previously at Washington School 40 per cent of the student body had been left out of the usual Christmas celebration because they were Jewish.

Under the Springfield Plan the entire school program is built around a central theme—Education for Citizenship. Obviously, many of the undemocratic attitudes found in children merely reflect the influences of the community itself—the home, the street, the club, even the church.

Almost every device is utilized whereby the pupils, and through them the adults, may gain a wholesome attitude toward their neighbors. In all their classes, from nursery through high school, the importance of living and learning together in a democracy is stressed. They are taught to respect and appreciate the manifold contributions made in the development of this country by Gentile and Jew, Negro and white, Irish, German, Polish, Russian, Chinese, Norwegian, Italian, or Greek. They study the contributions of famous Americans of foreign background to science, literature, art, music, industry, labor, and public life.

Springfield newspaper files and records of the American Historical Society were examined for information regarding the arrival of different nationality groups in Springfield, and many children discovered for the first time that the minority groups had played an important part in the building of the social, economic, political, and cultural life of the city. Students turned reporters and interviewed many foreign-born citizens. The interviews served as bases for oral or written reports and even a book.

As part of their classroom work, the students themselves have prepared three beautiful books illustrating the importance of cultural and religious understanding. One of them, called Pioneer Spirits, is dedicated "to the many people of other nationalities, who, having come to our city, have become real neighbors, real Americans." The stories were written by the young pupils and are about real persons who have come from other lands to settle in

Under the Springfield Plan, the entire school program is built around a central theme—Education for Citizenship.

Springfield. Typical titles are My Uncle from Scotland, Italian Brothers Build Our Homes, My French Grandmother, A Baker from Bavaria.

Another book, Folk Music, has brought together songs of many lands and races. Many of the pupils brought in folk tunes which they got from the lips of relatives. The music classes have learned the words and melodies of these songs. In their foreword to the book the children wrote: "We, the Grade 9 pupils at Van Sickle Junior High School, . . . dedicate it to all who are striving for better understanding."

One effect of this approach has been to instill new confidence in children of foreign background. One wrote with evident understanding: "I may not be able to boast about my ancestors coming over on the Mayflower, but I am proud of the adaptations they made in this country."

In another instance, during a class discussion of the contributions to music and art by the Italians, a boy who previously had hesitated to talk about his immigrant relatives exclaimed in some surprise: "Why, my mother and father came from Italy!"

IN their studies of nationalities the pupils prepare scrapbooks filled with facts about the particular nationality selected, and programs of "music of the nations" are frequently put on in the classroom. Sometimes dramatic yet simple means are employed to whet interest in another land. In one class each child was given a silkworm and became responsible for feeding it with mulberry leaves from trees on the grounds. He watched it spin itself into the cocoon and then labeled the cocoon with his own name. In this practical way the children were inspired to learn something about China and Japan as well as the story of silk.

A sixth-grade room, given the theme This Is a Global War, was discussing current war news. Places mentioned by the pupils were marked in chalk on a big blue globe. Any pupil who could supply additional information was urged to do so. An Italian girl corrected the pronunciation of a town in Italy. A Greek boy gave a historic motto of his people, then wrote it on the blackboard in modern Greek characters. A Jewish boy whose parents had come from Kiev fascinated the class with stories he had heard his father tell. Still another lad whose father was in the service supplied facts about the front to which his father had gone. So interested were the pupils that they remained in their seats when the dismissal bell rang.

How the plan strikes at racial prejudices may be illustrated by this episode in a fourth-grade class which had just finished a mural for the room. Every nationality was supposed to be included in the mural, but the teacher noticed that only white children were represented.

"Why didn't you include a Chinese figure?" she asked.

"You can't tell the difference between a Chinese and a Japanese, so if we had a Chinese somebody might think it's a Jap," a youngster explained.

That started a discussion of nationalities. Finally one pupil said: "Maybe we ought to have a Chinese boy in the mural. We have white ones, and you can't tell the difference between a German and an American or Englishman." The upshot was that the mural was redone, and included not only a Chinese boy but a Negro as well.

Race prejudice is attacked in several ways. One way is for the pupils to study the lists of casualties in the war and the names of heroes to whom awards have been made. The Polish, Italian, Greek, and Slavic names make it vivid to them that it's not only the Smiths, Browns, and Joneses who are making great sacrifices for the United States.

FREQUENTLY the school has to reach out into the community to get the desired results. One young child shuddered at the mere thought of seeing a Chinaman. The teacher visited the child's mother, and the explanation was soon found out. To frighten the child into eating or going to bed on time, the mother would intone, "The bad Chinaman will get you if you don't!" She quickly realized the harm she was doing and promised to co-operate.

Another boy told his teacher, "Oh, I can't play with Sammy—he's Jewish." He had heard an aunt speak disparagingly of the Jews and, childlike, had accepted her point of view. Again a conference between school and parent straightened out an unpleasant incident, and now the boy plays with all his classmates.

Discrimination against the Negro has been given a great deal of attention and practical results have already been attained. Last fall Springfield hired two Negro teachers for the first time in its history.

"I expected to be attacked for the step," Superintendent Granrud admits. "Instead, I've been praised by all groups

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THE DUKE

George was sure the old beggar had mystic powers, but he discovers that in Algiers things are not always what they seem

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY RICHARD HOLSTEN

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

GEORGE and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at Estoril sipping our mocha and watching the waves playing against the cliffs in the distance. George was strangely untalkative until the little Portuguese boy darted out from between the potted palms, imploring us: "Take a chance, meester. Win much money."

George's face switched from the morose to the radiant as he handed the boy a fifty-escudos note.

"You're an idiot," I told him with disgust. "Just because we've come here from Lisbon for a short vacation is no reason to throw your money away."

"Maybe you're right," said George happily, "but ever since that experience with the Duke I'm always ready to take a chance. It's all a matter of feeling. If you feel lucky, you should play it. If you don't, you should lay off. It's as simple as that."

"Must you talk in riddles?" I asked him.

"Didn't I ever tell you about the Duke?" George lit one of his dark brown Turkish cigarettes. I considered it an affectation, but he seemed to revel in the foul odor. "You remember the time Intelligence sent me to Algiers in August? That was when I met the Duke."

I remembered that trip because I was curious about why he'd been sent. We were both formally attached to the embassy in Lisbon to camouflage the purpose of our visit, although we knew most of the men from German Intelligence and they knew most of us. So the trip across the Mediterranean was in George's capacity as an Intelligence officer and not in the customary guise of a fictitious diplomat. George continued with his story.

"ACTUALLY, the Duke was nothing but a disreputable old beggar, but his get-up was something out of this world. His clothes were quite international. He sported a high silk hat, probably the discard of a visiting Frenchman, and he had a Prince Albert coat which would put a New England patchwork quilt to shame. Around his neck was a wing collar several sizes too large, the kind we used to wear years ago at proms. Setting this off with true dignity was an Ascot tie and beneath it—no shirt. Nothing, in fact, but the Duke. Apparently, none of the Duke's benefactors had thrown out any shirts while in Algiers.

"His pants were a pair of gray slacks with a white pin stripe, and to the Duke they undoubtedly were a perfect match for the Prince Albert. He had no shoes, but neither had any of the [illegible] The Duke, by virtue of his costume, was chief luminary in his little world, shoes or no shoes.

"His face was something you'd never forget. He had deep-set kindly eyes and a long aquiline nose. His lush white whiskers covering up his mouth and chin made him look like a sort of Bedouin Santa Claus.

"The way I first noticed the Duke was coming out of the hotel one day. There was a car standing in front of the door. I was about to call a cab when my attention was attracted by the Duke standing in his customary place just outside the door. His head seemed to be shaking back and forth as though he were telling me not to do something.

"My curiosity was aroused and I stopped to look at him. Then there came a terrific crash. A drunken driver had smacked head-on into the car in front of the hotel. Broken glass sprayed all over the place. But that's not part of the story—the point is, if I hadn't stopped to look at the Duke, I'd have been right in the middle of that accident.

"I didn't think much about it until the next day. I was leaving the hotel when I was approached by a man selling lottery tickets. I waved him away, but again I caught sight of the Duke out of the corner of my eye and this time he was nodding affirmatively.

"The gesture was almost imperceptible, but it did the trick. I called the man back and took a chance. Then, of course, I forgot about the matter—until one day I was visited by a gentleman slightly less disreputable than the one from whom I had bought the chance.

"'You,' he said, jabbing a finger at the top button of my coat, 'are a fine fellow. I am a fine fellow.'

"'Very good,' I agreed. 'But what does this cost me?'

"'Between good friends, there is never a dispute. What's yours is mine, what's mine is yours. We are good friends.'

"'I'm sorry—' I began.

"'And why should you be sorry—you who have just won the Grand Interurban Lottery of Algiers! Permit me.'

"And so saying he pulled out a large wad of paper money, which he counted off into my hands bill by bill. Halfway through, he said, 'Say when.'

"I was still too amazed at this performance to understand the reason. But I let him go with half the wad, and it wasn't until then that I remembered the Duke. Sure enough, it was his nod that made me buy the lottery ticket. My conscience took me by the shoulder and walked me down to the hotel where the Duke was posted. Half the remaining cash went to him."

I interrupted George at this point. "And because you won a lottery in Algiers last summer, you figure to win them wherever you go!"

"There's only one way to find out," he smiled. "But hear me out. I haven't told you all the story yet.

"From that time on I came to regard the Duke with a new respect. I might even say a form of veneration. The more I thought about him, the more I came to believe he had a mystic connection with the spirit world. The Duke and I were bound by some sort of chemical affinity. He was my fairy godmother, my crystal gazer, and my good-luck charm all wrapped up in one. Each day I'd look at the Duke as I left the hotel to get my cue. If he nodded, I became possessed of a calm self-confidence that all would go well. If he shook his head, I acted as skittish as an old maid.

"TOWARD the end of my stay, I had a really tough problem. Much to my surprise, I'd met two extremely attractive girls. One of them worked in a canteen and the other was a Red Cross nurse. Algiers, as you know, had a contingent of each.

"I guess it must have been loneliness that started me off. How else could you explain my actions? Both of these girls, I was sure, were the most stunning I'd ever met, but whether it was love or loneliness I'll never know. In any event, I had a deep compelling desire to ask one of them to be my wife. And here's the hitch: By some twist of circumstance I couldn't seem to make up my mind which one.

"It was then that the Duke appeared in my dreams one night and, though we had never spoken, he said to me, 'My son, the answer is very simple. Let me see them both. I will know which is best for you.'

"I knew when I awoke that my dream had a supernatural significance. The Duke would know, all right. First I paraded the canteen worker before Duke's almost hidden eyes. I can't tell you how anxious I was for his reaction. Heaven and earth hung in the balance on which way the head of that foolish old beggar should move. The reason I selected the canteen worker first was because I had a faint hunch that she might be the one. Well, you can imagine my surprise and disappointment when the Duke shook his head slowly back and forth. For a moment my heart sank. What if the Duke should K. O. both of them?

"I could hardly wait to put the Red Cross nurse on the spot. I remember her surprise at my insistence that she come to the hotel immediately. For

"As I looked anxiously at the Duke I fancied at first he was holding his head still. Not for long, however."

every girl there were a thousand admirers, and it took no mean amount of prying to shake her loose from the pack. I had to practically lead her by the hand. As we came to the hotel I could feel my heart beating faster and I had a sense of anxiety which was far from normal. I squeezed her hand extra hard when I led her past the reviewing stand. As I looked anxiously at the Duke I fancied at first he was holding his head still. Not for long, however. All my concern was wasted effort. Presently he broke into a beatific nod and I knew I was in. This *was* the girl. The rest would be like rolling off a log. Isn't that ridiculous?"

George choked his story off with long billowy laughter like the waves of the ocean below us. Eventually it trailed off and he was lost in reflection. When he seemed loath to continue, I spoke.

"So that's the reason you never told me about your Algerian trip. What in blazes did you do with your wife?"

"My wife?" asked George incredulously. "What wife? Oh, I almost forgot. Yes, I asked the Red Cross nurse to be my wife, but she was already married."

"What's so funny about that?" I inquired.

"If the Duke hadn't nixed me on the canteen worker and O. K.'d me on the nurse, I might have proposed to the canteen worker. Then what a spot I'd have been in! Not the kind of spot for an Intelligence officer. Just two days later the canteen worker was turned up as an enemy agent, a sort of refined Mata Hari. Suppose I'd married her! Boy, can you see how my goose would have been cooked?"

There was still a question in my mind. "How do you explain those odd powers of the Duke?"

"You've got me there. After my experience with the canteen worker, I looked up the hotel manager and inquired into the status of the old beggar. 'Tell me what you can about the Duke's past,' I asked him.

"'He's always been a beggar,' said the manager, 'and we feel sorry for him. He's as blind as a bat, you know, and quite crazy. The old fellow has a type of palsy which makes his head vibrate, but he's harmless and so we let him stay there.'"

THE END

From the rail of a tug Captain Ellsberg directs salvage operations at Massawa.

The "impossible" job of refloating this great

ELLSBERG, THE INGENIOUS

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

MASSAWA is a hell-hole in Eritrea, on the Red Sea. Its climate has been called the worst in the world—a rare and devilish brew of intolerable heat, 90 per cent humidity, and violent sandstorms. White residents work a few hours at dawn and again at dusk, and the rest of the day lie panting, glass in hand, in the shade. The scrawny, feeble blacks don't work at all. Undernourished, as were their ancestors for hundreds of years, they move like the figures in a slow-motion movie.

Besides, in the spring of 1942 the place was a shambles. The Italians, driven from their great Massawa naval base with its magnificent series of harbors, boasted that they had left nothing which would ever be of use to any one else. The largest dry dock, 600 feet long, had been sunk in fifty feet of water half a mile offshore. A smaller dry dock had been similarly scuttled. Twenty-six Axis ships, many of them fine large vessels, had been scuttled in the harbors.

Ashore, the Italians had gone through the well equipped naval repair shops and conscientiously smashed every piece of machinery with sledge hammers. Later the Free French and the British had carried off everything portable, so that there was not so much as a screw driver, a hammer, or a carpenter's handsaw to be found.

But Massawa was desperately needed. Rommel was hammering at the gates of Cairo. He was bombing the naval base of Alexandria so hard that it was unusable. British ships were penned in the eastern Mediterranean. Their speed cut in half by two years' crust of barnacles, they had to keep going as best they could, improvising their own repairs for the nearest ship hospital [illegible]

Massawa was only 900 miles from Cairo. Ship repairs at Massawa might make the difference between victory and defeat. But the British confessed frankly that they had neither the men nor the tools to tackle the job. They called on the United States for help.

This was the situation when Captain

Captain Edward Ellsberg, U. S. N. R.

Edward Ellsberg, U. S. N. R., summoned by Major General Russell Maxwell, Chief of our Middle East forces, arrived by plane to re-establish the base. He made a survey and laid his plans.

On May 9 five divers and seven mechanics arrived, the first contingent of an American salvage force which never grew beyond 140 men. By July the dry dock was raised and in use.

With "spit, string, and baling wire," a few machines in the shops were patched up. These machines turned out parts to repair others; the results snowballed, and presently all the shops were running full blast.

Using what there was at hand, improvising and inventing, toiling often twenty-four hours a day in sun so hot that nobody could touch a tool ungloved, alternately driving and coaxing a motley and fractious labor force including Italian prisoners and native blacks, the little band of Americans re-created a naval base at Massawa, and reconditioned eighty ships in time for the great offensive against Rommel that started in November.

Rommel has been chased out of Africa. The British now feel safe in admitting how desperate was their plight. And at last it is possible to tell the story of the ingenuity, fortitude, and just plain guts that achieved the miracle of Massawa.

"Salvage," says Captain Ellsberg, "is not an exact science. Call it an art, if you like. There are no hard-and-fast rules to follow. If conventional methods don't work, there's always a chance of trying a new trick."

When he put on his diving suit and went down to inspect the great dry dock, he found it was divided into eight watertight compartments. Seven had been wrecked by bombs which had blown twenty-foot-diameter holes in the bottom. But he also noticed that the sides of the dock, hollow walls fourteen feet thick, were undamaged. Part of the superstructure, including a pilothouse, was above water; this would provide a control tower.

"What we have here is a kind of giant

dry dock was accomplished in nine days.

Diver Erwin Johnson had the dangerous job of removing unexploded demolition bombs.

A story of the dark days when the Allied cause hung by a thread —of danger at a vital point and how American ingenuity plugged the gap

diving bell," Ellsberg told Bill Reed, his salvage-master. "We won't try patching the holes. We'll seal up all the hatches and other openings in the sides, make her airtight, pump in compressed air, and raise her that way."

Meanwhile, what about that eighth compartment? Why should the Italians have overlooked it? Probably it held an unexploded bomb and there was a good chance that the bomb would be set off by vibration when work started.

Captain Ellsberg and another diver, Jesse Enos, went down into the eighth compartment and, sure enough, found a 200-pound bomb. They tenderly lashed a rope around it, had it hoisted daintily to the surface, and sent it ashore. British explosive experts took it five miles inland and set it off. It shook Massawa like an earthquake, and the residents ran terrified into the streets.

The bomb out of the way, the salvage work began. The divers started making all the portholes and other openings airtight. The water registered 95 degrees, probably the hottest sea water in the world.

"I thought, 'At last, here's one place where a diver will be comfortable and won't have to wear the customary three suits of woolen underwear,'" Captain Ellsberg relates. "But, oddly enough, we soon found out we did have to wear a complete suit of woolens. It was *too* hot. You just dripped sweat all over and the rough canvas-and-rubber diving suit quickly chafed your skin off."

The principal curse was prickly heat. Men broke out from head to toe. It was worse for the divers, because the blisters or pimples would get infected from the barnacles and slime. During the whole Massawa operation, discipline, strict rules against liquor, and fine

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American salvage tug made fast to the big floating crane scuttled by the Italians.

With one salvaged ship already in the refloated dry dock, another waits its turn.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

LIE DETECTOR

Sometimes when in a man's arms a girl can hear his innermost thoughts. Bernice listened and faced a choice between her husband and her country

BY ROBERT SPENCER CARR

A SEAPLANE of the coastal patrol, skimming vigilantly low across the blue Pacific, passed so close offshore that Bernice opened her eyes with a start.

She stirred uneasily on the hot sand, trying to shift her head to a more comfortable position on her husband's chest. His muscles were tensed hard. What's on his mind? she wondered. What's he waiting for? She could hear the thudding of his heart. It beat as calmly as if nothing were wrong.

She glanced at her wrist watch. Two o'clock. Time to start back to their bungalow court for the nameless meal that was almost breakfast for her and nearly supper for him. She worked swing and he worked graveyard.

Thud-thump, said his heart. Bernice began to resent its monotonous rhythm. Her heart would freeze, she knew, if she let herself believe what she half suspected; but she did not want to put the jigsaw puzzle together, did not want to see the picture it might make if completed.

Thud-thump, his heart beat steadily. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle her husband's self-control. Even when the three polite young men with badges had dropped in unexpectedly last Sunday morning to ask him a few courteous questions about a man who had left his department, he had been cool as the chilled steel he worked with, and as smooth. They were most affable, yet something about the quiet efficiency of their pounce—two at the front door, one simultaneously at the back—had jolted her heart into her throat. After they had left, in their large old-fashioned sedan, Bernice could not speak.

Her husband had seen the terrified question on her face, laughed his guttural laugh, and patted her white cheek condescendingly. "That was stupid routine," he said. "They are great experts, at that. Because I am the foreman, they think I would know something about the political beliefs of the man they removed. This is the most naïve of all assumptions—that one person knows anything about another."

Remembering his words, and other things, she realized now she did not want to lie in his arms any more. She turned her head. "Let's start home, Eric," she said. "I want to go to nursing class before my shift goes on."

"Then go home alone," he said. "It's too hot in the house for me."

She thought, It's much hotter here on the beach. I wonder what your real reason is. Without entirely knowing why, she decided to stay on the beach with him as long as she could without being late to work. Perhaps he would inadvertently drop some hint of what the telephone call had meant yesterday afternoon. That missing part of the jigsaw puzzle would probably fit the odd-shaped piece she held in secret—the message she had taken for him at midnight but had not yet delivered. She did not know why, but it seemed important not to tell him, not to let him know.

Perhaps he would relax if she pretended to be asleep. She closed her eyes. The bright enormous world of sight shrank to a dark pattern of sounds.

"The plant got me another deferment from the draft board," said Eric. "They swore I was an absolutely essential specialist." The chuckle he added would have been inaudible to any one but Bernice. She heard it rumbling up inside his chest, felt him stop it before it reached his lips. She thought uneasily, When a girl lies in a man's arms she can hear his innermost secrets if she listens.

Thud-thump went Eric's heart. As measured as everything else Eric did. Except that he can't control the tempo of his heartbeats, she reminded herself excitedly. How fast is a man's heart supposed to beat, anyway?

The words of her instructor at nursing class drifted back: "Seventy-two times a minute in the normal adult at rest. Exertion, stimulants, and excitement will push the pulse to a hundred, and up. In the emergency work for which you are being trained, remember that you will get shock pulses, terror pulses, panic pulses, where the patient will not be injured but may be running a pulse of a hundred and ten, and up, for a short time. When you hear a heart hammering a hundred and twenty a minute, get a doctor—if you can find one. Watch out especially for sudden and violent fluctuations in the pulse rate. It's Nature's fire siren, warning that something is radically wrong in the body—or the mind, for mental shocks, too, are instantly reflected in the rate of the heartbeats."

Bernice opened her eyes again. The dial of her wrist watch with its sweep second hand was close before her eyes.

Thud-thump beat Eric's heart. Out of idle curiosity she began to time it. She counted, watching the second hand of her watch. The eighteenth heartbeat came precisely on the fifteenth twitch of the second hand. Right on the button, she thought. Normal.

Everything about Eric was inscrutably normal. She looked up doubtfully at his hard, slightly arrogant profile, wary even in solitude. Who is this man? she asked herself starkly. I mean *really*.

She smiled wryly, remembering the aircraft workers' week-end skiing party in the Sierras last winter, when she had met Eric on a Saturday morning and he had proposed at midnight Sunday. On skis, under a pine tree, in the mountain moonlight. At this late date she darkly suspected that his spectacular skiing—bold, cold-blooded, disciplined—had influenced her dazed surrender.

ALL that I really know about this man, she thought, is that he's a foreman in Engine Installation, makes a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, has a pulse of seventy-two . . . and told me a big lie yesterday.

Is it another woman? she wondered miserably. Bernice sincerely hoped her husband merely had a girl. She could cope with a rival female without the cold fear she felt now toward this shapeless, sexless thing that stood between them.

Yesterday forenoon, after doing her housework on tiptoes while Eric slept, she had collected her ration books and started out to the market.

"Where are you going?" he called from the bedroom. Apparently he had been lying awake listening to every move she made.

"I'm going to the market," she said. "I'll be gone for hours. Do try to get

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A sheet of blazing gasoline and oil flamed out past where Bernice lay.

The road of reconquest between India and Burma lies over the intervening sea. The first task of Lord Louis is to make this an Allied lake. Here's why

MOUNTBATTEN'S JOB

BY HENRY A. STANDISH

THE Bay of Bengal is no man's sea. It is the job of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, supreme Allied commander in East Asia, to make it an Allied lake. Until he does, the reconquest of Burma may remain only a strategical ambition.

Burma for the Allies means the reopening of the Burma Road—or, as it is called in Burma, the China Road. Only those who do not know the country, who do not know India and its problems, can expect Burma to be retaken in a hurry. There are many authorities who believe it can never be taken by land forces only. They say—and there is strong evidence to support their contention—that a vast land and sea operation, on a scale even bigger than the one in North Africa—will be necessary.

But even those who believe a land operation over the heartbreaking mountain ranges and malarial valleys between India and Burma might be successful contend that the Allies must first do everything possible to stop Japanese sea traffic into Rangoon and Japan's other southeastern Burma ports.

The Bay of Bengal is no man's sea. The Allies control its western fringes and can send their shipping, with a considerable degree of safety, up the coast from the island of Ceylon, British crown colony off the southern tip of India, to the great jute port of Calcutta. Japan controls the eastern fringes of the Bay of Bengal, from Java westward through the Sunda Strait, northward to Singapore, and on between Malaya and Sumatra, to Victoria Point, Mergui, Tavoy, and Rangoon in Burma. The enemy has made only one serious attempt to convert the Bay of Bengal into a Jap lake. That was at Easter, 1942, when Jap carrier-borne aircraft tried to pulverize Colombo and Trincomalee, Ceylon's principal bases. The Ceylon raid was specially disastrous for the attackers. Most of the planes were shot down by air fighters operating from strips that the Japs did not know about. Naval flyers say the balance must have come down in the sea, because the Jap ships turned and ran. At Trincomalee the Japs did more local damage than at Colombo, but the bid as a whole, whether it was to soften up the island for invasion or simply to prevent its effective use by the British Navy and the merchant fleet, failed miserably. Ceylon had not proved to be another Singapore, devoid of modern fighter protection, so Japan lost its chance to control the Bay of Bengal and drive the British Eastern fleet back on to Mombasa or some other African base.

The Japs continued some submarine work, sank some small trading craft and machine-gunned swimming survivors in the best realistic tradition, but in general not much has been seen of them in these waters for a long time. Jap reconnaissance planes, operating probably from Sumatra or from Port Blair in the Andaman Islands, flanking the Ceylon-Calcutta shipping route in the Bay of Bengal, do an occasional check-up, but since the Coral Sea battle last year Japan has needed all the naval strength she can spare for the Pacific.

The Allies, of course, have not had many ships to spare for the Far East. After meeting the primary demands of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, Britain has had to police many thousands of miles of supply route to Suez and India. Admiral Sir James Somerville's Eastern fleet has not been able to use Ceylon as the great offensive base that it must be before Japan's naval power is finally crippled. The demands of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Pacific have obviously had to take precedence over those of the Indian Ocean. The opening of the Mediterranean for through traffic to India will mean faster delivery of war supplies to southwest Asia, but as long as Germany remains a powerful enemy there must be heavy naval requirements in European waters. When, finally, a really strong naval force can be released for the Asiatic war, it will be the beginning of the end for Japan.

Many people tend to expect too much from the Mountbatten command. They say, "Now that the monsoon is just about over, we can expect big things in Burma." They talk as though a major offensive and the reopening of the China Road were only a matter of weeks.

This belief is based largely on the knowledge that India has a population of 400,000,000, and on statements that have been made from time to time about the size of the armed forces there.

People lose sight of the fact that what counts in war, and particularly in fighting the Japanese, is not the number of men in uniform, but the number of trained troops, the state of equipment, and whether there is at least a shock-absorber nucleus of men who have already been seasoned in battle.

India has an enormous population, but the average physical and mental level of her men is such that they take a lot of raising to bring them up to the exacting standards of modern war. Properly trained and well led, they have made magnificent soldiers, as they proved in the Middle East. But it takes perhaps four times as long to raise the primitive Indian cultivator to the level where he is an effective soldier as it does to train a farmer from, say, Australia's mallee or Canada's wheat belt. The problems of officering the greatly and rapidly expanded Indian Army is also peculiarly difficult. Not only are good officers scarce, but even a born leader is at a tremendous disadvantage in India if he does not know the language of his men.

So don't get a picture of millions of Indians, all trained to concert pitch, waiting for the word "go" to swamp the four or five Jap divisions in Burma.

Apart from anything else, the physical difficulties of a land campaign across from Assam to Burma are tremendous. The great mountain ranges run north-south; every ooze of water breeds perhaps the toughest malarial mosquitoes in the world. Despite every precaution, monsoon-season patrols have to face up to nearly 100 per cent malaria infection. There have been no east-west roads—only a few knife-edge trails which in their natural state are even "unjeepable."

The roads that the Allies are cutting in from the border are all problem roads. The problem is to make them stand up when the 200-inches-a-year rainfall starts. From northern Assam into the sector where Chinese troops, U. S. trained, are fighting with British arms and equipment, the Americans are building their Ledo road with the most impressive array of modern bulldozers and other equipment ever assembled in Asia. Eventually it might cut across to link up with the China Road. Farther south, British Army engineers have used hundreds of thousands of tea-garden coolies and tens of thousands of the local mountain tribesmen to build strategical roads, and have made a fine job of them.

BUT nothing seems to stand up to the rains—at least, not until it has been built up again at the beginning of each dry season for several years. Even with all-weather roads, the supply of really large forces over such routes would be an almost hopeless task.

As they get beyond the roadheads, troops have to be supplied from the air. It was done very successfully with British General Orde Wingate's daring Burma raiders, and as more aircraft become available for food dropping the system developed on that magnificent expedition can be used for expanded numbers. But Wingate forces—any number of them—cannot recapture Burma. They can do great damage to communications and keep the Jap continually on the hop, as they did early last year, but it would be unwise to regard them as more than super-efficient diversionary units.

Doubtless there will be a new and successful Arakan campaign in Burma. The fighting in this coastal tract, along the Bay of Bengal from Chittagong and Fox's Bazaar down to Akyab, showed up our weak spots, particularly weaknesses of command, very clearly. It was a lesson that shouldn't have been necessary after Malaya and Burma. But we've had it, and things must be right next time. A new and successful Arakan campaign, however, would only take us to Akyab, and although that would be more than useful as a forward air base, further land advance southward and eastward is barred by mountains without roads, just as in the north.

The problem of Burma boils down to this: A really large-scale land attack from west to east is so difficult as to be, in the opinion of many authorities, virtually impossible. All communications—river, road, and rail—run from south to north. A big sea-borne invasion coupled with large-scale diversionary operations from the west could

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Mountbatten's theater of war. Ceylon must be made a major British base and the Bay of Bengal an "Allied lake" before the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Burma Road can be accomplished.

Liberty's Cover Girl Karen X. Gaylord—as she appears in the motion picture Cover Girl.

Karen is fingerprinted her first day on the lot.

LIBERTY'S

FROM all sections of the country, girls endowed with sufficient beauty of face and figure flock to New York to try their luck as photographers' models. Given the breaks, their charms are displayed in advertisements and on the covers of leading magazines.

Sooner or later it was inevitable that the movies would dip into this glamour pie. The result is Cover Girl, starring Rita Hayworth—a good enough sport to compete with fifteen of the loveliest things that ever came down the pike.

These beauties represent fifteen leading magazines. The editors of each were invited by Columbia Pictures to trot out their most gorgeous exhibits for a part in the film.

Cary Grant and Director Al Hall rate a visit on Karen's day off.

The thrill of a lifetime—Karen signs her first autograph album.

Like other starlets, walking and dancing lessons are part of her day.

Karen obliges the publicity department, poses for cheesecake.

COVER GIRL

Liberty's entrant, who appears on our cover as well as on these pages, is something special, we think. She got to New York and a job with the Harry Conover model agency by the well known beauty-contest route.

She was working as a bookkeeper in a Minneapolis bank when some friends submitted her picture in a beauty contest a couple of years ago. Before she knew it she was Miss Minnesota, on her way to Atlantic City. Conover spotted her, signed her up, and changed her name from plain Jane Goerner to glamorous Karen X. Gaylord. We thought she was perfect but, true to tradition, Hollywood gilded the lily—with results that speak for themselves.

Karen with Rita Hayworth, Cover Girl star.

Pre-Hollywood Karen Gaylord. It couldn't have been hard making a glamour girl out of her.

The impetus of Gustafson's blow swept Jewell backward. He crashed against the window.

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JOHNNY ANGEL and a salvage crew brought the Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line into Havana port. She had been abandoned, and only one person knew the whole story—Ann Wingate, young New York newspaperwoman. She told Johnny how men on a yacht and a few of the Quincy's crew had murdered the captain and the others, opened the freighter's sea cocks, and sailed away, after lifting eight million dollars' worth of gold bullion from the ship. Ann said Gustaf Gustafson, owner of the shipping line, was the ringleader.

But Paul and Sam Jewell were the originators of the plot; Gustafson had crossed them up. Lilah Gustafson, his wife and Sam's playmate, did not care who got the loot so long as she shared it.

Johnny was eager to solve the crime in order to clear his grandfather's name the old man had been the Quincy's captain.

Ann loses all hope as Johnny, speeding to her rescue, walks into a trap. But he still holds a trump card, and Sam Jewell gets the last surprise of his life

Ann had gone with Miss Drumm, Gustaf's old nurse, to his childhood home to try to find "Teakettle Island," where the bullion was cached. Meantime Johnny worked on Gustafson to persuade him to restore the gold and reveal the whole plot.

CONCLUSION

GUSTAFSON'S laughter had a forced unnatural sound. "So you don't know where it is, my island! You'd be down there now, if you did!"

"Jewell knows," said Johnny deliberately.

"You're lying. So was he. Both of you!"

"Funny Jewell should know Teakettle Island, though, if nobody told him."

Gustafson couldn't get around that, but he tried to. "Who could have told him—tell me that!"

Johnny smiled. "Ask Mrs. Gustafson—maybe she knows."

"I've never mentioned the place to Mrs. Gustafson!"

"Maybe you talked in your sleep," said Johnny lightly.

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Journey in the Dark

A condensation of the novel

By MARTIN FLAVIN

A Liberty Book Condensation — Reading Time One Evening

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

This is the Harper Prize Novel for 1943. It is a story that will draw you into itself, and hold you as you watch Sam Braden rise far above his boyhood poverty, marry Eileen Wyatt, and see his romance fall to pieces.

You will understand his search for love and his marriage to Emilie — and you will feel kin to him as he continues his journey in the dark.

SAM BRADEN never talked about his father. If he spoke of his family it was always of his mother, and always with affection and respect.

If they asked about his father—

"My father was a lawyer," Sam would answer and then would change the subject. And this was only partly true —not true at all in fact.

Jim Braden's antecedents were obscure. He *had* studied law somewhere in New York, and had hung out a shingle in a little upstate town, and had stayed there long enough to marry Sarah Hathaway. And then he had moved on, in search of something else, to some place in Ohio where two children had been born a year or two apart—Madge and Tom. This was in the '70s. But no record of this period exists beyond the fact that they were very poor, and if he practiced law it was probably pure practice —without clients.

He was tall and handsome, rough and uncouth, but with a certain dignity. He had something of the air of an adventurer which women find intriguing and which may have stimulated Sarah's fancy.

But this was a deception. He was in reality a lazy, shiftless, discontented man.

In the early '80s Jim had it figured out that the big lakes had no future; the Mississippi River was the place where things would happen. They rode the steamcars on across the state to the bank of the big river. And here there is a record of legend in the matter.

Their money was exhausted; two dollars and a half was the total of their resources. But Jim was determined to go on. The town in which they had alighted from the cars was not what he had pictured, and the muddy swollen river was a bitter disappointment.

"I ain't aiming to stay here," Jim Braden said.

They hurried down the hill to where the Mary Queen was tied—a boat with two high smokestacks and a big stern paddle with her name in bright gold letters.

"Where to?" the ticket agent questioned.

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"As far as this'll go," Jim said and shoved his money underneath the wicket.

"Yeh, well—Wyattville, I guess, is the closest I can make it."

And in Wyattville Jim Braden spent the long balance of his lazy worthless life.

It was not very far—a few miles down the river on the Iowa side, south of Muscatine—a sleepy river town of about a thousand people, with a main street crawling up the bank above the levee. At the top of the street the town spread out along the bank into a decent village of modest wooden houses with gardens, trees, and grass, and a pleasant rolling country at its back.

Jim Braden never practiced law in Wyattville. Instead of that he was appointed to enforce it, with the title of Town Marshal. There is no record of exactly how it happened, but the office was vacant when he arrived. Perhaps the town was flattered that a lawyer from New York State had selected it to live in, or possibly it chose the easy way out of an awkward situation, for folks

could not be let to starve—or couldn't then in Wyattville.

The pay was twenty dollars monthly and a house to live in. The house was shabby and unpainted, of typical design, built like a T turned on its side, two stories at the end, divided into four small rooms. In this house Jim Braden lived for more than thirty years. Nelly was born here in the spring of '82, and Sam in October, '83—in the little narrow room behind the parlor. And in this room Sarah died.

The people of Wyattville liked Jim. They discovered in the course of time that he was no-account, but by then they had accepted him—and had learned to admire and respect his wife.

Sam took care of the old man until he died in 1924. He remembered him best as he was then, in the last years of his life—sitting in a rocker on the side porch of the house, with an overcoat buttoned to his chin, although the day was hot—gaunt, hollow-cheeked, with skin like faded parchment.

He had taken a day off to see his father, driving his new Marmon from Chicago, starting early in the summer Sunday morning. The town had not changed much since his childhood. The north side had expanded modestly; stucco bungalows without much ground around them; paved streets, of course, and sidewalks, electric light and sanitation. The barns and sheds were gone, replaced with small garages.

He drove around the Square and stopped before the well kept comfortable house which, ten years ago, he had bought from Elliott Wyatt and given to his father and to Madge.

"Why, Sam—" Madge cried at the door. She was tall and thin and plain, and she seemed old. "You didn't let me know—"

"I just thought I'd run out for the day." He sat down on a chair on the porch facing his father. "How are you, father?"

"Poorly." He mumbled on about his symptoms for a time; nothing else concerned him.

Sam murmured sympathetically and tried to shift the subject, but in vain. The conversation languished and came to a dead end. It was always the same—like a stone wall—like something withdrawing into a shell, impossible of contact. He had been there half an hour and was itching with impatience to be gone.

"Well," he glanced at his watch, "I've got to run along."

"So soon?" Madge said, looking disappointed. It was a formula he knew by heart.

She went with him through the sitting room to the front door.

"I hope it won't upset you, but I think you ought to know—"

"Yes? What?" he said, curbing his impatience.

"Eileen Wyatt's here."

"Oh—" He nodded, startled.

"She came last week."

"Not to live here?"

"I don't know. She's staying at the hotel with her parents. I don't suppose—"

"No, no, of course not," he said. That would be absurd.

"I thought I ought to tell you."

"Of course, but—it doesn't matter now."

"No, of course," she said. "Good-by, Sam."

"Good-by." He drove off quickly. No, it didn't matter now. But the truth was that it did. Everything mattered, and there was no end to it.

IT was a few days after this that he looked up from the letters on his desk, in his fine big office high above Lake Michigan.

"Mike," he said.

"Yes, sir?" Mike Hogan came back to the desk—Mike, whose father drove the hack for Birney's Livery when he and Sam had been boys in Wyattville—a square-faced man now, with thick black hair slicked down on his forehead, like a ward politician or a bartender.

"Mike, when did you first discover you were poor?"

"Discover I was poor?" Mike looked startled. "I think I knew that, Sam, on the day I was born."

"No—no." Sam shook his head. "Little kids don't know those things—not for quite a while."

"Well, maybe not—" Mike scratched his head. "Maybe when we went to school—when we didn't get invited to the parties on the north side of the Square."

"Yeh"—Sam thought about it—"along in there, I guess." He lit a cigarette and began to read the letters which were waiting to be signed.

"Is that all?"

"That's all." He went on with his letters—reading them and signing them, but there were other things in the background of his thoughts. . . .

He was nine years old and desperately in need of a new sled. The old one was the kind that little children have—short and high above the ground and flimsy—good enough to sit on and be pulled around, but not suitable for coasting.

"Hurry, Sam!" urged Nelly. He was lagging behind her, kicking at the snow. "Aren't you going coasting?"

"No. My old sled is no good."

"Oh!" She nodded sympathetically. "Christmas is coming soon. Maybe you'll get a new one." He mumbled doubtfully, but hope sprang in his breast. "Come on—let's build a snow man in the yard."

"Yes." Sam felt his spirits mounting. "You get the shovel from the shed, and I'll get some buttons for his eyes." He went into the kitchen.

His mother was wrapping up a dress. She was forty now but she looked older.

"Oh, Sam," she said, "will you do an errand for me?"

"All right—"

"It's this dress for Mrs. Henry Wyatt. It's just across the Square."

"I know—" But it couldn't have been worse, he thought. He had never been inside the iron fence; and the big brick house inspired him with terror. And suppose he should come face to face with Eileen Wyatt. She was in his class at school, and he was strangely fascinated by her, though he always pretended not to

notice her. She had blonde curls and she was very pretty. And then there was her grandfather—that crotchety old man. Suppose—

"You can take your sled," his mother said. "Madge, you get the basket."

He trudged across the swale with the silly little sled bobbing up and down behind him. There was the iron fence, and—his heart sank like a lump of lead—Eileen Wyatt and a boy whom he had never seen. She had on leather leggings and a little red cap cupped around her flaxen curls, and the boy had sailor trousers and a short coat called a reefer. They were right there by the path to the front steps, putting the final touches on a snow man—a most imposing one.

He wanted to run away. But he didn't; he was not the running kind. He heard the boy say in a lowered voice, "Who's that?" But he didn't hear her answer. He passed by so close he could have touched her with his hand, and climbed the wooden steps to the front door. He was looking for a bell to pull when the door was thrown open and the terrible old man—Old Henry Wyatt—stood glaring at him, roaring in a terrifying voice:

"HOW dare you dirty up my steps? What do you want?" Sam stared at him without the breath to speak. "I won't have sleds dragged up my steps. Take it away." He saw the basket now and added furiously, "Go around to the back where you belong!" And he shut the door with an appalling bang.

Sam turned and stumbled down the steps, the old sled bumping at his heels. At the bottom it ran into him and tripped him, and he went down flat, sprawling in the snow. He heard them laughing. When he scrambled to his feet, two men were coming up the path, and he saw that one of them was Old Henry's son. Young Henry, the father of Eileen. Laughing, not unkindly, he set the sled back on the path.

"There now, son," he said, "no damage done." Sam shook his head. "Father's fussy about his steps," the man went on, "but his bark is a lot worse than his bite. What did you want?" But Sam would not trust himself to speak. "Something in the basket you wanted to deliver? Well, take it around to the back door."

He spoke not harshly but not pleasantly. Sam backed away.

"Wait a moment, son—" He held out something and put it in Sam's hand. "There now, don't feel badly. Everybody comes a cropper now and then. Right around the corner, son—"

Sam fled around the corner of the house.

It was dark when he got home. He found Nelly in the kitchen and beckoned her into a far corner of the room, and he told her what had happened and showed her the half dollar.

"Sam!" Her eyes were big with wonder. "What will you do with it? Why, you could buy a coaster!"

"Maybe—" But he had a feeling that it would not be enough. "I'm going to buy mom a Christmas present."

"You are? But what about the coaster?"

"Well—" He turned the matter in his mind. "You said I'd get one Christmas."

"I didn't, Sam. I said you might."

"Oh—" He had thought perhaps she knew, and had shrewdly tried to trick her into an admission, and he was disappointed. "Well, anyway, that's what I'm going to do."

Next day after school he went with Nelly to Clem Wyatt's store, and Clem came to wait on them himself.

But it turned out, as he had both feared and hoped, that a coaster was entirely out of reach.

"We would like to buy a Christmas present."

"Well, now, let's see. But who is it going to be for?"

"For my mother."

"Well—" Clem scratched his head. "There's lots of things. Suppose you look and see." They pressed their noses to the glass.

"There—" Sam pointed. "That thimble." It was in a red plush box and it had a band around it which sparkled beautifully.

"Why, yes," said Clem, "the very thing." He got it out and flashed it in the light. It was more than fifty cents but he was a kindly man. "It's marked a dollar—"

"Oh—" Sam's heart sank.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do." Clem grinned. "Seeing that it's you, Sam, I'll let you have it for fifty cents. And it's silver-plated too."

Sam relinquished the half dollar, and Clem Wyatt picked it up and dropped it in the drawer as if it had been nothing.

"I suppose," he remarked, wrapping the little box—"I suppose you two are going to the party."

"What party?" Nelly said.

"Eileen Wyatt's Christmas party. Her mother's been in here buying everything in sight—candy and the like—" He saw from their faces that the subject was unfortunate and amended it as deftly as he could. "I just remember now that Mrs. Henry said the children hadn't been invited yet. There you are, Sam." And he put the package in Sam's hand.

But they were not invited to Eileen's Christmas party on the afternoon preceding Christmas Day. And they knew that they would not be invited, which is not to say that they did not hope. Before the day was out they heard about the party from half a dozen children. But they did not mention it between themselves, nor speak of it at home, not even when they saw their mother making Eileen's party dress.

Sam and Nelly spent the afternoon of the party in the woods beyond the town, climbing trees for mistletoe. It was dark when they got home, loaded down with mistletoe, to the warm and cozy house which Sam had never known was poor and shabby. The long, low-ceilinged room seemed very bright and cheerful in contrast with the night. Party or no party, this was Christmas Eve—not a time to indulge in vain regret. In the morning there would be—well, probably a coaster.

SAM was wide awake the moment he heard his mother moving in the kitchen. And then in a shivering jiffy he was into his clothes and down the stairs. The thimble box was in his pocket—

"Merry Christmas, mom."

"Merry Christmas, Sam."

He glanced eagerly around. There were the stockings hanging on the chair, and two of them were bulging, but nothing like a coaster was anywhere in sight. His heart was thumping on his ribs.

He slid the box from his pocket and held it toward her.

"Mom—look here!"

"Where? What? Why, Sam, a little box! Now what—"

"Well—open it."

She raised the cover. "Oh!" she cried. "Sam! A thimble!" She slipped it on her finger and turned it in the lamplight. "It's beautiful, it's wonderful, and the very thing I needed; my old one's worn thin. And see how it sparkles—just like diamonds, Sam."

"Yes, yes—" he stuttered. "Clem Wyatt wasn't sure, mom. He said they might be diamonds, but anyway he said that they were just as good."

"Sam! You didn't buy it for me?"

"Yes—" he nodded, almost overwhelmed.

"Oh, Sam—Sam—" She drew him tight against her breast. There was something in her voice—and then he was conscious of teardrops on his cheek.

"But why are you crying, mom?"

"Because I'm happy, dear."

"Oh—" He accepted the explanation; he was almost crying too.

And in all the years that followed he would not forget this moment, nor would there be another in his life which would quite equal this. There were many gifts that he would give, and among them would be diamonds—big and real ones; but he would not again experience the emotion of this moment, the wealth of its completeness.

Late that afternoon Nelly found Sam sitting sorrowfully on the porch.

"Why, Sam," she said—"why are you sitting here in the cold? What's the matter?"

"It isn't fair. I should have had a coaster. It isn't fair—it isn't fair—"

"Sam, don't—" Nelly was startled and distressed. "I guess they didn't know you wanted one."

"They did," he stormed. "They knew it all the time. They knew and they don't care."

"Sam! How can you say such things? You ought to be ashamed. Don't you know why you didn't get a coaster?"

"Because they didn't care."

"No. Because we're poor—that's why."

"Poor?" He stared. He had never heard or thought the word in reference to himself. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Pa hasn't any money. We're poor, I tell you—poorer than most anybody in town. And if mom didn't sit up nights dressmaking, we'd maybe starve to death."

"Oh, shucks!" he said, but the horrible idea was gripping tight and spreading.

"Yes, poor, that's why. And that's why you weren't invited to Eileen Wyatt's party—why your shoes are full of holes—because we're poor. And don't you go thinking nasty things and saying them to mom. It's not her fault. You didn't get a coaster because we've got no money—because we're poor, that's why." And she turned on her heel and went back to the house.

He sat there on the ground. It was getting dark. He could see the old unpainted house, the littered yard with broken rusty things sticking up out of the snow. And he could see through the walls into the house—all the things he knew so well, became in a moment strange, and unfamiliar—the sofa with its broken springs that stuck up through the cover; the coarse thick dishes, cracked and chipped; the sewing machine beside the window and his mother sitting at it; his bare little room. He had never seen these things before and would never see again the things that he had known—warm and comfortable things, satisfying and secure.

"When I grow up I won't be poor," he said.

SAM was fifteen when his mother died.

The intervening years were uneventful—at least until the summer that preceded Sarah's death. He was fourteen then and had graduated from eighth grade. His most intimate friends were in the graduating class—Mitch Ballou and Mike; and so was Eileen Wyatt. But still he did not know her very well, for the barriers of childhood are not easily broken down.

Of course they met in many places now: at the Sunday-school picnic in July, on hayrack rides, at parties—more than once he had been inside the big brick house, but he never felt at home there or quite comfortable. They were not allowed to dance, but they did play kissing games when they were about twelve—post office and the like. But when he had the chance he never called Eileen, though once she had called him—and kissed him on the lips. He had gone into the room where she was waiting for him, trembling in a sweat of joy and terror, and she had kissed him; and then without a word they had gone back into the other room. Nelly had been there, and afterward she said:

"Why don't you ever call Eileen?"

"Why should I?" he had mumbled.

"Well, she called you. Maybe she likes you."

"Aw, shucks!" he shrugged. "She likes her cousin Neill."

"Well," Nelly mused, half to herself, "I don't blame her much."

"That sissy!" he had sneered, but he didn't really mean it.

"You're jealous, Sam."

"Aw, shucks!" he said again.

But he tossed through half the night, remembering the feeling of her lips, moist and soft as velvet—filled with strange new longings which he did not understand, which would ebb and then flood back like liquid fire.

Neill Wyatt was no sissy, and Sam knew it. Sam had discovered that in the early days of their acquaintance. On one occasion, playing on a log raft in the river where they had no right to be, he had slipped and fallen in and bumped his head hard enough to daze him. He had come up underneath a tangle of loose logs which were grinding together in the current, and it might have been disastrous. The other boys had scurried for the shore. But Neill Wyatt had come back and pulled him out, treading the rolling logs as if he didn't know that they were dangerous—or didn't care about it.

Sam gulped and wriggled out onto a section of the raft where the logs were firmly lashed, and sat there for a moment sucking in his breath. "I could've made it by myself," he said ungraciously, but he was by no means sure that he could.

They got on better as the years wore on, but they were never friends—like Mitch and Mike. It wasn't just Eileen that stood between them, though certainly she did. There was something much more subtle, welling up from hidden places—something which had been born that winter day when he stumbled down Old Henry's steps and fell sprawling in the snow, tangled with his wretched sled—when he hadn't been invited to the party—"because we're poor." Things that Neill Wyatt was completely unaware of. He was a democratic boy, which simply means that he was socially well adjusted. He was unconscious of the fact that in America, as elsewhere in the world, there is a *caste of poverty*, hard to get out of, to be sure—even when the poverty itself has been relieved; and not easy to get into unless you have been born to it.

That fall when school started, Sam had no heart in it. Eileen had gone to a boarding school near New York. No thinking now in the morning when he woke that in a little while he would be sitting near her, watching the soft blonde hair clinging close around her neck and curling on her shoulders, listening for her voice when the teacher asked a question. It had gone on for years, and it left an awful emptiness.

He wrote a letter to her. He began, "My dearest dear—" but the one that he sent was less emotional. "Dear Eileen," it started, and went on for several pages about the "old days" in Wyattville. He let it go at last, after hours of thought upon the closing line: "Yours forever—Sam."

The days and weeks went by. There was no answer. He was hurt and angry but, oddly enough, not angry with her. Neill Wyatt was the object of his wrath because he was in a school near her. "Old slicker Neill," he called him, talking to himself—butting into his affairs, taking her to matinees, going out to see her every week most likely. Shucks, I don't care. Let her have him if she wants. She'll find out some day—

THE days dragged by. November came. It was beginning to be cold—and then one night he woke to find Madge standing by his bed.

He sat up yawning, rubbing at his eyes. "Mom wants to see you. Come quickly, Sam."

He pulled on his pants and shoes and hurried down the stairs. The lamp was lighted. There was his father sitting in his chair, rolling his thumbs around. Nelly was crying, sobbing; she did not look up or see him. His heart stood still.

"Go in now, Sam," Madge said, holding open the door.

"Yes, Madge—" he whispered, and went in. Dr. Bentley was standing by the bed.

"It's Sam, Mrs. Braden," he said. "Remember? You wanted Sam to come." And then, to Sam, "You take her hand, my boy. I think that's what she wants."

Her lips moved, but he could not understand. The doctor leaned across the bed.

"Now, Sarah, just a little louder. Try real hard." And he repeated what he heard. "She wants you to be a good man, Sam. Not great, but good, she says. You understand that, Sam?"

Suddenly he straightened up and took Sam's arm and led him toward the door, almost hurrying him, but very gently. "I guess that's all, son."

"Yes, sir—" Sam said. He knew that he had seen his mother die.

Two great changes came to the Braden family after Sarah's death. Tom fought with his father and left home. Sam went to work for Clem Wyatt six days a week, from seven in the morning until six o'clock at night. He started at four dollars, which was somewhat higher than the customary scale for young fellows starting out,

but Clem said he was worth it. He had to be, for now that his mother was gone the loss of even the little money her sewing had brought was felt keenly.

Every Saturday night Sam gave four dollars to Madge, retaining nothing for himself. No other distribution of his earnings had occurred to him. He was working for the family; it was his responsibility to see that both ends met.

Eileen had written when his mother died, a formal note of condolence; and they had maintained a kind of correspondence: long letters which he wrote, and long-delayed replies, hasty and brief.

A year slid by. Mike vanished from the scene, departing for Chicago to reside with his uncle and complete his education. Nelly was in high school, in her junior year. Eileen did not come home that summer. Instead she went to Europe—with her mother and Aunt Daphne and the boys. Sam was consumed with envy: Eileen and Neill gallivanting about Europe!

Some post cards came—mailed in Paris, in Lucerne and Venice, depicting local monuments and fashionable hotels, with a few words scrawled in schoolgirl French in the space where you could write, but no address to reply to.

THE summer days droned by. His salary had been raised, and raised again—the last time to eight dollars. But still Sam had misgivings: at this rate of progress, phenomenal though it was, it would take several lifetimes to get rich. Clem detected something in his eyes. Anyway one Saturday, when they were closing up, he began to talk about it.

"I've known you all your life, Sam, and I know you pretty well; you're smart and you're ambitious. There isn't any future in what you're doing now, and I think it's only right to tell you so, though I guess you're smart enough to have got that figured out."

"Yes, sir," Sam admitted. "But, Clem"—he straightened with the dustpan in his hand—"what shall I do?"

"Blamed if I know," Clem said. "In a little town like this there isn't much of anything." He scratched his head.

Sam proceeded cautiously, not rushing around like a chicken with its head off—and caution was a quality which would stand him in good stead. He took a day or two to think things over.

One day he called upon Judge Nicolls.

"Howdy, Sam," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "Have you come to start a lawsuit?"

"No, sir." Sam smiled. "I've been thinking that perhaps I'd like to study law—"

"To study law," the judge repeated solemnly. "Why, Sam?"

"Well, I want to make some money."

"How much?"

"A lot. A million dollars."

"A million dollars, eh? I see. You want to make your fortune. Well, *don't* study law."

Sam nodded. "Then what—"

The old man seemed to drift away, to be dozing in his chair; then suddenly he roused and turned his shaggy head. "Telegraphy," he said.

"Telegraphy?" Sam stammered. "But could any one get rich—just doing that?"

"Railroads!" the judge exclaimed, and slowly winked his eye. "Railroads everywhere—snaking through the grass, climbing over mountains. Learn the railroad business, Sam. But first you learn telegraphy. Railroads need telegraphers—hundreds of 'em, Sam."

"Yes, sir—"

"The railroad's coming here, to Wyattville. They'll need a bright young fellow to sell the railroad tickets and run the telegraph. Learn telegraphy."

"Yes, sir, you bet I will." He went clattering down the stairs in a fever of excitement.

He didn't ask, "How am I to learn?" or "Who will teach me?" Didn't hesitate or question, "Would they pay me as much as I'm getting from Clem Wyatt?" "Yes, sir, you bet I will," was what he said.

He learned telegraphy and he got a job.

The pay was sixty dollars—almost fifteen a week; not many men in Wyattville were making more than that. The hours were from seven in the morning until nine o'clock at night, with an hour off for dinner and another one for supper. On Sunday he was free and the depot was not opened.

It wasn't long before Sam made friends with the few drummers who came to Wyattville. There was one, a youngish, enterprising fellow, who seemed to take an interest in Sam, a Mr. Brush who traveled for a general paper jobber located in Chicago. He said one time, leaning on the counter, waiting for the train to get up steam:

"There's good money to be made selling on the road—if you've got the stuff and price. You're too bright a looking kid to waste your life in this dump." He shoved a business card beneath the wicket. "If you ever take a notion you might want to make a change—well, let me know."

Sam put the card away. "Ned G. Brush," it said. "Acme Paper Company—Home Insurance Bldg.—Chicago—Illinois."

Sam stayed for almost a year after that, but all the time he hated the wire and the railroad, and his job,

which was really nothing more than a cog in a machine, and a very little cog buried in immensity. It was all a waste of time—not getting anywhere. And suddenly he knew that it was finished.

It was raining that day, beating on the dirty window-panes like fingers lightly tapping on the glass—calling him to come, to get it over with. He took out his leather wallet, and out of it a card. "Ned G. Brush," it said. "Acme Paper Company."

He reached across the table for a sheet of yellow paper and dipped a pen into the ink—

"Dear Mr. Brush," he wrote, "I guess I'm finished with the railroad business—"

CHICAGO, proud city whose motto is "I will."

Sam loved it, after ten years. His feeling for it had grown with the city, and with his own growth in it. He had loved it from the start, in common with countless other boys who came flocking from the farms and country towns throughout the Middle West. And it opened wide its arms and took them in. Only Mitch was cynical about it. One night, sitting at a table in some bar, they had an argument which Sam afterward remembered. Mitch was working for the Tribune, a police reporter then.

"What do you really like about it, Sam?" he asked.

"It's been good to me," Sam said. "It's given me a chance to get along."

"Yeh?" Mitch rolled the liquor in his glass. "Get where?"

"Oh, well—" Sam shrugged impatiently, beginning to be angry.

"That's it," Mitch nodded, grinning. "That's the trouble with you both—you and Chicago. You haven't any answer. 'I Will,' but I will *what*?" He put down his empty glass. "It all adds up to nothing."

Sam paid the check.

He got on a car on Randolph Street, standing on the platform to finish his cigar. He was irritated. People with no money could afford to talk like that, to pretend that money didn't count; but of course it was a gesture, a resentment of success. Still, he wished Mitch hadn't said it. And on a day like this—the day he was leaving Acme Paper, going into business for himself, taking another chance, but not hurriedly or rashly—

He had spent most of this day in Hub Baxter's law office, drawing up the partnership with Jules Tronchet. The old man had been as fussy as a setting hen, reading the agreement twenty times and disputing every comma. The French were like that, annoyingly suspicious, penny-wise. But finally they had got it signed and sealed. A partnership—it was to be the Tronchet Wallpaper Company—but it was an equal partnership.

The car passed La Salle Street. The Elliott Wyatt office was down there, with its board room, leather chairs, mahogany and brass, and eager speculators. But Neill wasn't there. You wouldn't catch him sitting at a desk. Now and then when he went home Sam heard stories about Neill which always sifted back to Wyattville. People said that he was like his father, and they said it with a smile, seeming rather pleased and proud. It was funny, the credit that you got for things like that—

The car turned north and dived into the tunnel.

They said that Eileen Wyatt was still in love with Neill, waiting patiently for him to settle down. Perhaps she was—if she had ever been. She must be pretty sick of it by now. Sam hadn't seen Eileen since the summer before he left Wyattville. He had been back to Wyattville often enough. But she had never been at home when he was there. She had gone to college in the East, and then she was in Europe studying something—or maybe only chasing after Neill—and then in California with her mother, and then—he didn't know. It was hard to say offhand how he felt about Eileen—not the way he had when they were kids; but sometimes even now on lonely Sundays—he really hadn't thought about her much in recent years—like a fellow on a ladder feeling for the rungs, with his feet firm on the last one and his eyes fixed on the next one. No time for idle dreaming.

ILLINOIS STREET. That's where he began, almost ten years ago, in the Acme Paper warehouse. He saw himself again, standing in the lobby of the Home Insurance Building on a cold and blustery January evening, feeling frightened and bewildered. Mr. Meyer had been brisk and to the point. Mr. Brush had recommended his employment and no further reference would be needed. The first thing on the program was for him to learn the stock, an apprenticeship before he could expect to sell paper on the road.

He had gone down in a crowded elevator and was standing in the lobby with his back to the cigar stand in an eddy of the traffic, clinging to his suitcase, debating what to do, when he heard the voice behind him—a pleasant, friendly voice with a German accent—"Can I help you?"

He turned and saw a smiling round-faced man behind the counter—a man with a mustache and thick-lensed spectacles. His name was Otto Kranz and he owned half a dozen of these stands in different office buildings in the Loop.

"Can I help you?"

"Why, yes, sir—" He had liked Mr. Kranz from the moment he saw him. There was something warm and comfortable and safe—the way you'd like to feel about your father. "Could you tell me where to go to get a room?"

He explained that he had just arrived and about the Acme Paper job—

"I see—" Mr. Kranz had reflected. "Then you are looking for a permanent place to live? It is difficult to settle such a matter in a moment. But perhaps you will come home with me and be my guest tonight. We have an extra room, and tomorrow we will see."

"Oh, thank you very much—"

And so he had gone home with Otto Kranz to the comfortable house in Deming Court. He had liked them all: Papa Kranz and Mama Kranz and little Emilie. It was pleasant being there in that house. Little Emilie would come and cuddle in his lap when it got along toward bedtime. She called him Uncle Sam; she still did that. She was quite grown up now—very lovely looking, with auburn-colored hair and soft brown eyes. Yes, those had been pleasant evenings. Papa Kranz used to laugh about it afterward.

"I bring him home for dinner and he stays here all his life."

Chicago was all right. He was thinking of the evenings he had spent at the Rienzi or the Bismarck Garden, with Papa Kranz and Mama Kranz and Emilie, drinking beer out of a stein and listening to the music, like a member of the family.

He went up the steps and let himself into the house. It was after ten o'clock, but they had not gone to bed. They were waiting up perhaps for news of what had happened. Emilie was in the parlor, playing the piano. When she heard the door she stopped and looked out into the hall.

"It's Uncle Sam," she called.

Otto Kranz came out from the back parlor.

"Well, Sam?" he asked.

"It's settled, Papa Kranz." He always called him that when he was with the family; he had started it in mimicry of Emilie. "I'm in business for myself."

"Well, we must celebrate this great occasion," beamed Papa Kranz. "A bottle of good Rhine wine, one I have been saving. The best we have, eh, mama?"

And Papa Kranz went hurrying to fetch it from the

cellar. Mama Kranz sat down, hands folded in her lap. "Now that you're in business for yourself, you will want to settle down," she said. "You'll want your own home, Sam, and you will want—a wife."

"A wife!" He laughed again. "I'm going to wait for Emilie."

"Oh, Uncle Sam!" She was confused and blushing. "I bet you won't," she said. "And I'm almost old enough—" And then she changed the subject. "Oh, yes, I meant to tell you—"

"Tell me what?"

"A friend of yours is going to be married. Neill Wyatt. It's here in the paper." And he stared; his heart was thumping. Of all things—yet why should he be surprised? Perhaps deep down he had actually believed what everybody said: that Eileen would get Neill Wyatt if anybody did. But he never had admitted it. He read the opening lines: "Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Adams announce the engagement of their daughter, Rebecca—"

He felt happy and relieved. So it wasn't Eileen after all. An elation swelled within him. Neill Wyatt was removed from his affairs; a shadow on his path had been dissipated—

It had been a long hard day and he was getting sleepy. He said good night and went to bed. He lay back upon his pillow, seeing in the dark a pretty little girl with a

red cap cupped around her flaxen curls. He tried to picture how she would look now—older of course, and her hair would be done another way, but her face would look the same.

He fancied her head on the pillow at his side in a tangle of spun gold, cheek cupped in her hand and blue eyes smiling at him. He had always loved Eileen, had never seen another girl that he would want to marry. He had buried it away, forgotten it sometimes, but it hadn't ever changed.

SAM married Eileen Wyatt—but not hurriedly or rashly. They were married in Chicago, in the spring of 1912. Quite likely Fate had tired, and Eileen too perhaps, of trying to avert it.

They lived together for five years, though not the last two years as man and wife, not after Neill and his wife separated—or, to be exact, not after her suit for a divorce—a brief complaint which specified desertion—was filed in the Superior Court and published in the papers. But this could have been coincidence. At all events it did not at the time occur to Sam that the end of his marriage—the real end of it—might have been related to the ending of the other; and then it was impossible to say, nor a thing he would admit without contributory evidence, and the evidence was lacking.

Hub Baxter put the notion in his mind, or brought it to the surface. It was in 1918, in the spring, the last year of the war. She was in France and she had written him, after many months of silence, asking his consent to a divorce which could be had in Paris with his co-operation—a brief and formal note, not adding anything to her request beyond that there would be no question of expense or alimony since she had ample means in her own right.

"Dear Sam," it began, and ended at the page end with "Sincerely . . ."

He had not been much surprised, not emotionally upset. The pang of her had long since passed away, spreading thin in time. He had not seen her for a year. He had dropped in to talk to Hub about it, in a mind to give consent and let her have her way, only making sure that it would be in order, with no loose ends about it. But Hub had hemmed and hawed as lawyers do—he knew of course that they were separated. He didn't like the idea of a French divorce, he said; some of the states looked askance at them, and complications might result; it was safer to proceed in the constituted channels. Let it wait till she came back, was his advice. There wasn't any hurry after all this time. And then he asked a question:

"How long is it, Sam—I mean, since you've lived as man and wife?"

"Oh . . ." He winced and looked away. "Three years ago," he said. "The twenty-third of June, 1915."

"That's definite anyway." Hub smiled, drawing figures on a scratch-pad. "Well, after waiting that long, it can wait a little longer." He was looking at the pad. "That was about the time the Neill Wyatts were divorced. Kind of a coincidence."

"Well, look . . ." Sam got up from his chair; his hands were dripping wet. "My break-up with Eileen was *our* affair. It had nothing to do with anybody else. It happened at that time, but that's all there is to that."

"Sure, Sam, I know."

"Just to keep the record straight—and if she wants it, she can have it."

Hub got up to go with him to the door. "How's business?" he inquired, to be saying something.

"Fine," Sam said, and smiled wryly to himself as the door was closed behind him.

He came out onto Monroe Street, his thoughts still on the Wyatts. What was Hub intimating about Eileen and Neill? Well, that was nonsense! Neill Wyatt wasn't even in Chicago at the time; no one knew where he was. And then he had gone over and joined the British Air Force. It had been in the papers. And he'd been there ever since—almost three years. There was nothing in that stuff. Neill had never given a tinker's dam about her, and suppose she was in France? That didn't mean a thing. She had wanted to do something, like a lot of other women. Anyhow, it was he who ended it—who had said those things that couldn't be unsaid—

He walked along Monroe Street aimlessly but briskly. There was no place to go. He wished he could sit down and talk to Mitch—or listen to him. But Mitch was overseas, a foreign correspondent, writing stuff about the war. He turned north on Dearborn Street, resolving to walk home. It would serve to kill an hour.

"Sam!"

He stopped and stared, for there was Mitch Ballou.

"Mitch!" he said. "I thought you were in France."

"That's right." Mitch pumped his hand. "I just got in. But I'm going right out. They're sending me to Moscow."

"Moscow?" Sam said blankly. "I guess you won't like that."

"It's the one place on the globe I want to go."

"You do? But why?"

Mitch stared at him. "Don't you read the papers? There's something going on in Russia, Sam—something different, something new. Maybe it's a racket, like all the rest of them. But I want to see, myself. I want to have a look."

They scuttled through the traffic across Dearborn to a bar where they had two whisky-and-sodas pretty fast. Mitch kept talking like a whirlwind. "Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you. I saw Eileen in Paris."

"You did?" Sam's heart stepped up. "How was she?"

"Swell," Mitch said. "And stunning, too, in her Red Cross cape and cap. She was on a holiday from some hospital somewhere."

"Oh—" He nodded slowly. "Where did you run into her?"

"In a restaurant," Mitch said. "I was with a fellow from the Embassy. When we were coming out, somebody called my name, and I looked around and there was Neill—"

"Yeh?" Sam said, watching his fingers turning white against the tumbler.

"Old Neill Wyatt," Mitch went on, "natty as hell in his Air Corps uniform with a row of colored ribbons spread across his chest. He was waving to me to come, and then I saw Eileen sitting at the table—"

"Yeh—" Sam said, counting out some money on the bar. "Did she say—anything?"

"No," Mitch said, "I don't remember that she did. Say, Sam, I've got to run. Thanks for the drinks."

"O. K.," he said. "So long—"

HE walked along the crowded pavement, his hands clenched so tightly that the nails dug in his palms. Just the two of them—a cozy little party. Damn him anyway! Not *them* but *him*, he thought. Pretty soft to be in Paris with a pocket full of money that some one else had made, acting like a hero, swaggering in the night spots with another fellow's wife. But he knew this was a lie: Neill Wyatt wouldn't swagger, wouldn't care enough about it. And he wouldn't be a hero, or act like one at least. And Eileen was his cousin. What would be more natural than to take her out to dinner? If it was on the sly, would he call across the room to Mitch Ballou?

And, after all, Eileen had married him—out of her own choice. Because she loved him? As much as she could love any one? He dodged away from this: "love" was a word that he found hard to use in connection with Eileen; it seemed inappropriate, presumptuous in himself. She had liked him well enough to marry him. There could be no other reason.

She had married *him*. And it wasn't on a rebound, out of pique or disappointment after Neill's marriage. It had been two years before he asked her, getting closer friends as time went on, seeing her first in Wyattville on one of the trips he had taken home. Then they had corresponded—not romantically at all; he hadn't pushed things.

It was the second winter that things came to a head, when she was in Chicago, going to an art class, studying drawing and design. He saw her often, taking her to dinner, to the theater and the opera. They had had fun together, more fun than they would have again. He had not made love to her—hadn't wanted to until it should be settled. He didn't mean to ask her till the

moment was at hand, feeling certain he would know when it was time to speak—

The end of March it was—an evening with the hint of spring. They were at dinner and she had never looked more beautiful: her plain black dinner gown, her hair like woven platinum. Suddenly he had felt that the moment was at hand. He had leaned across the table and put his hands on hers, the palms spread on her knuckles. And he had asked her then in just so many words: "Will you marry me, Eileen?" And she had answered yes—

But it wasn't quite like that. . . .

"You've always been so right—" was what she said, looking at him steadily, but her eyes were enigmatic. And he had looked away, embarrassed and confused, not knowing what she meant.

What did she mean exactly? "You've always been so right," with a question mark behind it, the shadow of a doubt debated with herself. She must have been prepared for the proposal, must have thought what she would answer when it came, for she was not a fool and the depth of his devotion could not have been mistaken. Likely enough she had come to no conclusion, hoping that events might serve to clarify her mind, answering to herself sometimes "yes" and sometimes "no," and more frequently the latter.

But that was what she said. "You've always been so right." And then there was a pause, so that he asked again, thinking perhaps she hadn't understood: "Will you marry me, Eileen?"

And this time she said, "Yes," looking straight into his eyes with that strangely searching look, as if she looked for something that was very far away. . . .

THEY were married two weeks later in a private dining room in the Blackstone Hotel. He had not known where to go for a honeymoon, and Eileen seemed not to care, so he settled on New York—there were some business matters that he could attend to. "Why, yes," she said. "I think that would be nice."

The truth was that the thing had started badly. It was hard to say just how; in a lot of little ways, as for example: he had never traveled in a drawing room before, but *she* had. The steward in the dining room remembered her at once, had something special for her—and how was all the family?—little things, but important all the same: honeymooning in *reverse*.

The porter came to make the berths. They waited in the observation car. He picked up a magazine, thumbing through the pages, holding it for her to see, not seeing it himself. When they went back, he left her at the door, suggesting he would smoke a cigarette. He meant to be considerate.

At length he knocked upon the door, then opened it a crack. "May I come in, Eileen?"

She answered from the darkness of the lower berth. But he could see—her hair undone and spreading on the pillow, the lace that trimmed the satin of her gown, her arm, her hand, the finger with the shiny platinum band—all that he had dreamed came true at last. He had wanted to kneel down and crush her in his arms, to melt into her body, to fuse himself with her—

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Sam, please—" She motioned him to come and sit beside her, and he had come and sat there on the bed, reaching for her hands, bending down to kiss her. But she had held him back with her hands against his breast, not pushing him away. "Please wait—" she said. And he had waited. "There's something that I want to tell you. You're such a good man, Sam"—she took his hands and held them, their fingers interlocked—"good and kind and generous, with a very sensitive heart." Her fingers tightened. "I wouldn't want to hurt that."

"You never will," he said. He was very deeply touched; no one had ever said such things to him before.

"I wanted you to know," she said, still holding to his hands, almost clinging to them—"I wanted you to know the way I felt about you. I trust you, Sam—trust you to understand. I want to be your wife, a good and loyal wife, to go with you hand in hand wherever you go. If only you will be a little patient with me."

Perhaps the longest speech he had ever heard her make.

"Don't you worry about that." He laughed to reassure her, but his voice was close to tears—emotionally unstrung, not knowing what was coming or what was expected, in the masculine position of having to decide.

"Don't you worry," he repeated, and felt her hands relax and the tension melt away. He spread the covers smooth and carefully tucked them in around her shoulders; and then he knelt beside her with his face quite close to hers. "I understand," he said.

She thanked him with her eyes.

Strange wedding night perhaps. But was it any stranger than the other fellow's, about which you knew nothing? And if that night had been strange, then what was to be said about the one that followed?

The day had dragged away—an interminable day in New York. They had lunched and gone to stroll along Fifth Avenue. They had dined in the hotel—an old-fashioned dining room, quiet and subdued, very elegant no doubt, but certainly not gay; but Eileen had seemed to like it.

They had gone to a theater, and afterward in the taxi he put his arm around her, unresisting, close to him, her head upon his shoulder; and he held her hand and pressed it to his lips. He was passionately in love—

He had let her go upstairs alone. He had gone into the bar and had had a shot of bourbon, lingering over it—five minutes, ten, fifteen. And then he had gone up.

"Are you in bed already?" he called cheerfully from the parlor.

"Long ago," she answered sleepily.

She had turned her head so that she could see the door, and her eyes went with him as he moved about the room, fixing the shade, the window. Wide eyes they were, not sleepy in the least; and there was that look in them which he could not analyze and never had, but which in three years' time would drive him almost mad, drive him into something like brutality—

His bed had been turned down. He threw his robe upon it, set his slippers side by side beneath the edge, snapped off the shaded light.

"Good night," she said, with an interval between the words, as if they weren't the words she meant to say.

"Eileen, my darling—"

"Oh, Sam—" she said, and that was all.

It had not been a success. But was this a rare experience—or the common course of marriage?

They had gone back to Chicago on the day that he had planned, and had found the apartment ready for them: the maid in cap and apron, flowers in the vases, provisions in the icebox, everything complete. And the days and months and years had slipped away.

They didn't quarrel. But the gap between them kept getting steadily wider—so gradually, of course, that you didn't realize it except by looking back. In time he had quit trying to do anything about it, saying to himself that it was the normal course of married life, but never quite believing it. There was nothing to complain of, to put your finger on: his home was nicely ordered; his wife was beautiful, educated, cultured—complaisant to his marital attentions, unresisting, unprotesting. There was nothing to find fault with except—he was *alone*, separated from her by that enigmatic thing which you couldn't come to grips with, couldn't touch. And the fault he didn't find, and pretended wasn't there, was growing all the time into a deeply rooted sense of injury and resentment, which must break out some day—as in the end it did—

THE twenty-third of June, 1915. But that was a coincidence. He had noticed the item in the paper in the morning, having breakfast by himself: Neill's wife had sued for a divorce. He was startled; not concerned—why should he be? But at dinner he had mentioned it: "Oh, by the way, did you see the morning paper—about Neill?"

Yes, she nodded, she had seen it.

And that had been all of that—all that he remembered.

He had gone to her that night—waiting long after the light had been extinguished, debating with him-

self, as he had often done, yielding at last to a kind of passionate loneliness, for the edge of his defeat was not yet completely blunted and he still sought to possess, in fullness and entirety, the woman he had married.

He had awakened in the middle of the night to find that she was not there, and had gone to find her. She was sitting in the study with a white robe wrapped around her. There was something in her lap which she tucked from sight behind her. He thought she had been crying, but she wasn't crying then.

"What have you got there?" He spoke abruptly, irritably.

No answer. He started to get up, to find out for himself.

"My gown," she said. "My nightgown—"

"But why?" He stared at it. "Why did you take it off?"

"It was mussed," she said a little desperately.

"Oh, mussed?" He nodded at her. It was reasonable enough: quite possible the gown had been uncomfortable

—anyway she was fastidious about the things that she wore.

But resentment and injury were transported into fury, as any spark at all would have served to set them off.

"Mussed by *me*, you mean?"

She winced but kept on looking steadily at him.

And he had gone on talking, without any check upon him, goaded by her silence and enigmatic eyes into rash and bitter accusations—things that not till then had he even known he'd thought; really pleading with indictment for an answer, to sting her to denial, to defend herself, attack him—anything but silence which had become intolerable. He had raised his voice and shouted, beside himself with anger; had stamped across the room to take the nightgown from her lap and rip it into rags and fling it in the wastebasket.

"I have never had a wife," he said at last.

And that had been the end of it. Brutal, ugly words that could never be unsaid, no matter how you tried—and he *had* tried. They had gone on together two more years, if you could call it that; though in fact not very different from the three that came before, except that now he had no hope about it. . . .

HE had put such effort into not thinking about it. How it hurt to be made to think about it now!

He strode to the telephone and called Hub. "I've been thinking of our talk this afternoon. Maybe it would be as well to let it go. I mean, till she gets back."

Two months later, in September, Sam was in the Army. He volunteered as an officer candidate in the field artillery, and after some delay was duly notified that he had been accepted, with orders to report at Camp Taylor in Kentucky.

He had dinner with Mama Kranz and Emilie before he left. Papa Kranz had died the year before. It had been good to see them—like being home again. Emilie was attending business college, learning stenography; she was proving very apt and would soon be prepared for a secretarial job.

"How would you like to work for me?" Sam asked her.

"I'm sure I should never be good enough for that."

"We'll see. When I come back from the war I mean to have an office here in town, and you shall come and be my secretary."

"You're only teasing me—"

She was blushing. Her eyes were like deep pools; there was a glint of copper in her hair; beautiful was not the word—very lovely, very charming.

They talked of other things. It was Mama Kranz who asked about Eileen. He told them the truth.

"Ah, so," she sighed. "I was afraid, Sam."

"Were you?" He looked up quickly. "Why?"

"Because—" She spread her hands.

"Because she didn't love you," Emilie said.

"You didn't know her."

"All the same I knew," Emilie answered firmly.

"H'm—" He changed the subject.

They went with him to the station. Mama Kranz was crying when she hugged him in her arms. "Come back soon and safely, Sam." He turned to Emilie; the train was moving. Suddenly, impulsively, he put his arms around her and kissed her on the cheek. "Good-by—good-by," he called. They kept waving to him as long as he could see them.

Sam loved the Army—the fifty fleeting days of his military life; loved being told when to get up and go to bed, what to eat and when to eat it; loved being relieved of all responsibility. Perhaps it would have palled if it had gone on much longer, but he loved it while it lasted. In later years he used to say, "The first vacation that I ever had," and he liked to talk about it.

THE armistice took him completely unawares. Late that afternoon, when he got back to the barracks, there had been two letters for him: one from Madge, one from the factory. He opened that one first. It was from Trask. Mr. Tronchet had been taken ill—a stroke. He had been found unconscious on the studio floor.

Poor Jules! But Sam was not much surprised. He had foreseen something of the sort—not this of course, but something—

He opened Madge's letter. A clipping dropped out of the envelope: "Neill Wyatt Killed in France." He sat down on his cot; his heart was pounding. Neill Wyatt dead in France, in a war that was now over—to which *he* had come too late, while he was *playing* soldier.

"Oh, hell!" Tears were running down his cheeks. He walked up and down in the frosty darkness; the stars were coming out. How did Eileen feel? How much had she cared? Well, it didn't matter now. *Not* the two of them, not ever in this life. He was crying for himself, for her, for Neill. He did not know why he cried.

Ten days later he had been discharged. He plunged into his job with all his heart and soul, with strength and confidence, with nimble wits. He was at the factory at seven in the morning, and seldom left his desk before six o'clock at night. In a week the plant was running at full capacity—running like a watch; better than it had when Jules was there.

He was often in New York now, and on one of those trips he had received her message—forwarded from his office:

> Am at the Waldorf. Could you possibly arrange to come and see me?—E.

Eileen come back from France—here in New York? He picked up the telephone, but changed his mind before the operator answered. It was only a step down Thirty-fourth Street. Why not go and see? He was curious, intrigued—conscious, too, of a quickening of his pulse at the bare idea of seeing her. Going through the lobby, he stopped in the flower shop and bought a box of violets arranged in a corsage with a fragrant gardenia in the center—flowers she had liked to wear.

In the elevator with him was a nursemaid with a baby—a very tiny baby, he suspected, from the way it was

wrapped up. The nursemaid, in a cap with big starched bows, apparently knew no English, for she had some trouble to indicate her floor. And she left the car when he did. He went on around a corner of the hall, and then he saw that the numbers were too high. Watching the nursemaid, he had missed the one he wanted. He retraced his steps—there it was, as big as life. But he could have sworn that it was the door through which the nursemaid had gone. Mistake, of course. There was another door a few steps farther on.

He knocked and a voice said to come in—her voice, he thought; and so it proved to be. She was alone, sitting on a couch beside the fireplace in which there was a fire, glowing coals—and there was a table with some tea-things on it. She was wearing a negligee, creamy and soft—elegant as ever. She didn't speak. He had really startled her—too much perhaps.

"Well—" he said, feeling awkward now. "You're looking fine. You've been all right, I hope?"

"I'm sorry—" she said half to herself, and added quickly, as if in explanation, "I didn't dream—"

"Of course." He laughed, wishing now that he had telephoned. Surprising people wasn't very safe. But it hadn't crossed his mind that she would take it this way—be so upset about it. "Some violets, Eileen—" He handed her the box.

"Thank you, Sam—" But she didn't open it.

"Funny thing," he said, with affected heartiness, "I couldn't find the room. I was watching a nursemaid with a baby in her arms. And I walked right by the door. I would have sworn that she—"

He was suddenly aware that she was not attending, that her attention was directed elsewhere—toward a door that was behind her. She was listening to something—for which she had been waiting—which at first he didn't hear. And then he did—muffled, scarcely audible—the wailing of a tiny baby.

And suddenly he knew—knew everything; that the nursemaid and the baby had come into this room—that the baby was hers—hers and Neill Wyatt's.

And she knew that he knew, read it in his face—that there was nothing now to conceal or to explain. She stood up, facing him, apprehension fading from her eyes, giving place to something else.

"I didn't mean for it to be this way—I'm dreadfully sorry, Sam—"

That's what her eyes were saying, that she was sorry for him—sorry like a girl who jilts a man.

"I should have telephoned," he said between his teeth.

Well, she was square with him—square now for everything: for tearing her nightgown, for saying those things that couldn't be unsaid—

"I'm sorry too," he said. But was he? Yes, he was sorry, but sorry for himself.

"We must do something, Sam—"

"Yes, well—" He fumbled with his coat. *We?* What did she mean by that? What did she want? Was she asking for the shelter of his name? That the child should be protected?

But it wasn't that. She wanted a divorce and that was all. She had come back to America under compulsion, because he would not give consent unless, or till, she did. It could be assumed to have happened long ago; that she and Neill were legally man and wife. And she would remain in France until any question of it was forgotten.

"Certainly," he mumbled. "Anything you wish—"

And then at last he was outside in the hall, almost running to be gone, passing by another door through whose open transom he could hear the puny wailing.

Neill Wyatt come back from the grave. The two of them *again*—the two of them—

SAM married Emilie Kranz—hurriedly and rashly—in September, 1919. He used to say with a twinkle in his eye, "The only hasty thing I ever did." And, he might have added with some degree of truth, the only one he never had occasion to regret. He was thirty-five years old and she was twenty-three. She had been working for him as his secretary.

He hadn't known he was becoming fond of her in the way in which he was—not until the day it happened, the day he had looked at her slender youthful beauty, the glints of copper in her hair, and asked her to marry him.

"If—if you could love me," he had said, conscious now of the difference in their ages—that this was little Emilie—grown up and beautiful—but Papa Kranz's little girl too.

"Yes—" she had whispered.

"You mean, you think you could?"

"I *know*," she said. But it didn't need her words, for he had read the answer in her eyes.

"I always have."

"My dear, my dear—" He took her in his arms, knowing she would fit against his body as she fitted in his heart—that he had come home at last—that no matter where life led she would be beside him; that nothing ever could get in between. And of that, for twenty years, he never had a doubt—that she was happy, that he had made her so, that he had not left a single stone unturned. He gave her everything—everything except—But that comes later.

They went to California on their honeymoon—three weeks packed with delight, with unending revelation, with love that seemed to flow out of the fabled pitcher: the more you poured out of it, the more it would run over. It was wonderful to have her, more wonderful than he had dreamed it could be—to waken in the night and find her close to him, to hear her breathing softly, to reach out his hand and touch her—

In May the following year, almost nine months to a day from the day that they were married, Hathaway was born. Hath he was called—Hath Braden—

That year Sam bought Jules Tronchet's interest for fifty thousand dollars a few months after Jules' second stroke had brought death with it—bought it from Jules' widow, who was very glad to get it, to whom it was a godsend. The question of its value is not worth while debating: without *him* it was worthless, if you want to view it that way. No doubt he could have bought it for considerably less, since there was no other market and the widow had to sell. But at any rate, it became his, and for most of the next ten years he devoted his life to it—to watching and nursing and guarding and fighting for it—to making it grow—to making it produce profit—making it give him the thing he had wanted—wealth. A million—and more than a million. Almost six million before he stopped. And then when that time came, he knew he was through with it. It had nothing to do with the business itself or with "conditions" or with his own pleasure in making money. It was simply that the time had come to lay aside the instrument he had used for the purpose he had fashioned it. It had served him and now he needed it no more.

One evening after dinner he said abruptly, "How would you like to go to Europe, Emilie?"

"Sam, do you mean it?"

"I do."

"But when?"

"Right now—next month—and we'll stay for a year."

"A year?" She stared. "But who will run the business?"

"I don't care," he said.

"Why, what—"

"I'm out of Tronchet, Emilie." He had never told her anything.

"Out—out of the business?" He thought that she looked startled; it was actually dismay.

"I've sold, lock, stock, and barrel—for a lot of money, too, more than we'll ever need."

"Oh—" She nodded slowly. "But now—what will you do?"

"Now?" He laughed and took her in his arms. "I'll be where perhaps I should have been all these years. I'll be with you. And we'll see Europe first; and then—" He glanced at Hath, who was curled up with a book, watching from the corner of his eye, as he always watched when his father put his arms around his mother, with a queer look in his eyes, almost resentful. He loved his kind, cruel father, but he adored his mother. "Well, Hath, what do you think about it, eh?"

"I would rather go to Wyattville," Hath said. He had spent a summer there with Aunt Madge and had liked it.

"Well"—his father smiled, feeling a bit let down, as he often did with Hath—"perhaps we'll do that, too, when we come back. Perhaps we'll build a house there—out in the country. Did your Aunt Madge ever take you out to Beaton's woods?"

"I wouldn't like that much."

"Why not?"

"It's gloomy."

"Gloomy? Nonsense!" He was irritated now. Hath always said the things that you hoped he wouldn't say.

"Nonsense!" Sam said again. "It's a beautiful place—the big trees and the river and the fields—"

Hath went back to his book.

When the crash came, in October, 1929, Sam was in New York, with Emilie and Hath, staying at the Plaza. Sitting in the Oak Room at his lunch he could hear the clicking ticker, could almost see the blackboard in the neighboring broker's office. In one day Tronchet dived to such prices that he could have bought back every share he'd sold, with most of his millions still intact.

That's what other people did—those who were sitting pretty with money in their pockets, who hadn't been washed out by the first blast—jumped back in to make another killing, to fatten on disaster, and finally lose their shirts. But he was smart; he didn't buy a thing. And "smart" is not the word; it was not a reasoned matter, not the product of special acumen. It was simply not his nature to go back. He was through with Tronchet; he was going to Europe for a holiday, with his wife and son— He had meant to stay a year at most, but the time had slid away; and there wasn't any reason to go back—things were in a mess at home, the depression dragging on. He had ideas in his head: motors, aviation, radio; but this was no time to be fooling with a buzz saw. It could wait until the country got straightened out again. And Hath was doing well in the German school in which they had placed him in Spetzgart.

Finally, after three years, they had returned so that Sam could build Glencoe in Beaton's woods. This was to be the climax of his dreams—though it had not turned out that way at all. Strange how so many things had failed to turn out as he had planned them—the things he had meant his money to bring—that he had expected to do for Emilie and for Hath.

But after that trip Glencoe had become his life. All his desperate energy had been devoted to building it and, in the years after it was built, to farming its acres that stretched so far in every direction.

EMILIE BRADEN had died at Glencoe in the summer of 1941—in her beautiful big room with colonial furniture. She was forty-five years old—too young to die. But that's an idle comment: people are dying all the time, at every age, every milestone on the path. Still, he had never thought of such a thing. He had thought that sometime *he* would die, but Emilie would be there—with him to the end.

She was ill only five days—pneumonia, the ordinary sort of thing so many people have and get over. And it was in July—hot, sunny days when life was at its flood, days when no one dies. Yes, but they do, in summer too; there is no rule about it. She was never very strong—there had been, since Hath was born, a little murmur in her heart. And Glencoe was not an easy job: the house took several servants and they were hard to get and hard to keep; there were the gardens which were her responsibility to plan and to direct; and finally there was Sam, dynamic, restless, tender, and devoted, but generally impatient and often irritable, for getting what you want at the moment that you want it gets to be a habit.

The day that Emilie died a specialist had flown from Chicago in a chartered plane to Muscatine, and Sam had sent the Cadillac to bring him on to Glencoe. Dr. Grover had suggested it, saying that he thought Sam might feel more comfortable, though he had no doubt of what was being done. The man had come in the afternoon and had stayed about an hour. He saw the patient briefly and had some talk with Grover. Later, in the library, he said to Sam:

"Has anything been troubling Mrs. Braden? I mean, her mind—has she been disturbed?"

"Yes," he said.

"She keeps calling for some one—"

"Her son—our son."

"H'm—" The doctor pressed out his cigarette. "It might be helpful if she could be reassured—if your son could come."

Sam had been trying to find Hath almost from the start, phoning every place he thought the boy might be. He had sent a dozen wires; he had even tried to locate Mitch Ballou, calling Chicago and New York. But there had been no answer.

IT was late that night, but not yet midnight. Madge, who had come over as soon as he had told her, had gone home; she had wanted to stay, but he had insisted. Her efforts to divert his mind were futile. She said, making conversation, some one had had a letter from Eileen. She had managed to get out of France, among the very last, and was living in New York. She had had a dreadful time of it, according to her letter, losing everything she had.

She went on talking: Eileen's son was in the Army, she had heard—a pilot in the Air Force, she believed,—following in his father's footsteps. Didn't it seem strange, the way things were repeated?

After dinner he had sent a car to take her home. He couldn't listen any more, simply couldn't stand it.

He had gone into the library. Waiting, he got out some snapshot albums from the drawer of the big table—from his chair he could see through the open door into the hall, would see Grover coming down the stairs. He fluttered through the pages, stirring memories here and there: pictures of Hath from the time he was a baby, in the yard on Deming Court, in Lincoln Park. Europe—*ses plages, ses monuments, ses* this and that; they had done it thoroughly.

Pictures—the little town near Munich where Mama Kranz was born.

Pictures—of Hath at that first school in Switzerland, the one he didn't like, or didn't like at first, though he had protested leaving it for the other one at Spetzgart. Mostly French and English boys—unkind or snooty, Hath reported. He had written painfully scrawled and tearful letters to his mother, pleading for release. Emilie had been sick about it; she had wanted to go back—all the way back from Berlin.

"Nonsense!" Sam had said. "He'll come out of it all right."

And in fact he had. He made a friend whom he wrote about with great enthusiasm: a boy a little older than himself, bigger and stronger too, and a year ahead in school, but "not stuck up about it." They hadn't got acquainted till quite lately. And it turned out that the boy wasn't French at all, but "American like me," although he lived in France and had not been to America since he was a baby. He was "sure good at things,"

soccer and hockey games. His name was "Neel. I guess that's how you spell it." He didn't know his last name.

He had looked in the catalogue, the list of pupils in the back, which he had barely glanced at, and there it was: "Neill Wyatt—Paris."

There was a footstep on the stair—Grover coming down. "Sam, I think you better come now."

He stood beside the bed. Her face was very white with the flush of fever gone, her hair spread on the pillow, coppery glinting in the light. Her eyes were open—looking *for* him—looking *at* him now that he was there, relieved, smiling a little. For five endless days she had not spoken to him knowing what she said, but she knew now.

"Poor Uncle Sam—" That was what she said. She had not called him that for twenty years. "Poor Uncle Sam—" as if she were so very sorry for him, as if she knew how much he needed her, as if she understood everything about him—with loving tenderness, with deep compassion—as if she were a little girl again—but, too, as if she had gone on, far, far away, and was already looking back from a high and distant place.

It was an hour later that the telephone had rung and a servant had come to him in the library.

"It's Mr. Hath, sir, on the phone. He's asking for his mother."

"All right," he said. He spoke into the phone on the table at his elbow, quietly and calmly, "It's father, Hath."

The voice that answered him was cold and defiant. "I want to speak to mother."

"Your mother has been ill, Hath."

"Ill?" The voice was startled but suspicious. "Well, she can talk to me; there's a phone beside the bed—"

"Very, very ill," he said.

"What?" The voice was frightened now. "What do you mean by that?"

"Your mother—" But he had gone the limit of it. He put his hand over the receiver. "Grover, please—" holding out the phone to him. "Tell him, Grover. I—I can't—"

He had gone out of the room, stumbling blindly through the hall.

Grover had come to find him, pacing at his side up and down the terrace, not saying very much, or much that he remembered, but once out of the darkness: "That's the way things happen, Sam. You've got to take it."

And again, when he was leaving, when the dawn was in the sky: "You've been very lucky, Sam, to have so much to lose."

Yes, he'd been lucky, too, for more than twenty years—the kind of luck few people ever had, or if they did, something happened to it. Yes, he had been very lucky

THAT was in July, and now it was December. The minute Sam awoke he knew that this was the morning he must act—must try, somehow, to make Hath understand—must soothe over that terrible quarrel which had preceded—perhaps, he dreaded to put it even in a thought—precipitated Emilie's death.

He dressed and went into Emilie's room, as he had done every morning, looking to see that it was quite in order—fresh flowers in the vases, from the greenhouse now. The room was as she left it.

He went down the circling stairs to the library—and sat down at the desk. There was a blotting pad with silver corners, his fountain pen, stationery in a rack; he took a sheet of it—fine white bond with "Glencoe" at the top, picked up the pen, and wrote in his small and careful hand, "Dear boy—" but then he tore it up and took another sheet.

Dear Hath—

Winter has come to Glencoe. It is quite cold and raw. Today the sky is gray, as if there might be snow; and there is a thick white mist rising from the river, climbing up the bluff, and spreading through the woods, like a London fog—

He leaned back in his chair. Yes, that's where it had started, he thought—if things started anywhere—in London—the Strand; in the spring of '33, a day or two before they sailed for home. How clearly it came back when you had so much time to remember it. They were driving through the Strand. He was looking through the window at the people on the sidewalk, when suddenly—"Stop!" he cried and the driver pulled up sharp against the curb—

"Hi, Mitch!" And it was Mitch, plodding through the rain. "I thought you were in Russia."

"I was," Mitch grinned. "They kicked me out again."

"What're you doing here?"

"Looking for a job."

"Where you going now?"

"Where I live."

"Get in. I'll take you."

"Yeh?" Mitch hesitated. "I'll get your jewel box muddy."

"Oh, hell! Get in." And Mitch had gotten in, giving an address.

"It's in the slums," Mitch said.

"How's your wife?" Sam asked, once they were started.

"She's dead," Mitch said, as he might have said, "She's fine."

"Why, Mitch—" He did not know what to say. "And your daughter?"

"O. K. She is here in London."

"But who looks after her?"

"I do," he said defiantly, and then he changed the subject. He had had a chance today to go back to Berlin, but he wouldn't take Nat there—

"Why not?"

"Because her mother was a Jewess."

"Oh! Oh, yes— Say, let's get Nat and we'll have dinner at the Dorchester with Emilie and Hath."

MITCH had come back with the child who could not have been more than twelve years old, but strangely like an adult, sitting straight between them, hands folded in her lap, not self-conscious or impressed. Her coat was clean but threadbare; her thick black hair bobbed at her shoulders, severe and unbecoming; her white pinched face and Jewish features—not pretty in the least, but there was something arresting and appealing, wistful and pathetic: a child who seemed at once both an adult and an orphan.

At dinner the little girl had eaten as if she were half starved, but with perfect table manners, listening like an adult to the conversation. And his own boy sitting there—still in shorts, the way German boys were dressed, but not caring any more—in his Bond Street jacket and white starched Eton collar, with his coppery tinted hair brushed back from his forehead, and his mother's deep brown eyes in the eager, thoughtful face.

He had shaken hands with Nat, stiffly clicking heels, like a German boy. They had been polite to each other, not any more than that. It was Mitch who captured his attention

After dinner Mitch had paced and talked as usual, emptying glass after glass of whisky-and-soda, prowling up and down the room like a creature in a cage, seedy-looking and unkempt, but with fire in his eye and passion in his voice. It was mostly about Russia.

It was in the course of this that Emilie caught Sam's eye, motioning him to come into the other room, wanting to talk to him about the child. It was heartbreaking, she said, to see the little thing in that hideous, unbecoming dress, with her hair done like an Indian; and to think of her being dragged about, motherless, uncared for, waiting in the evening for her father to come home, cooking supper for him—a child who should be playing with her dolls.

"Yes, dear—" he agreed.

"But can't we do something for her—I've been thinking, from the moment that I saw her—can't we take her home with us?"

"Home—with us?" It was a little startling.

"For a visit, dear, I mean." She went on eagerly, "We could send her to school, and see that she had things that children ought to have, and make a home for her. And Mitch could take his Berlin job; and then later on, when he gets settled somewhere, we could send her

back to him, whenever he was ready and able to take care of her."

Surprisingly, Mitch had agreed. He had ridden with them to Southampton in the Rolls, a little drunk already, though it was in the morning, and morose and disagreeable—impossible in fact.

"I'm not indebted to you—not for this," he said. "If there's any debt between us, it's a debt you owe to me."

He had paced up and down the dock, walking with the child, holding her hand; and suddenly, when he was close to them, had whisked her up onto a wardrobe trunk, so that her face was level with his own; and he had said things to her that he wanted *them* to hear—roughly, almost brutally.

"Listen to me, Nat, and remember what I say. Your mother was a Jewess—a Russian Jewess, born in Odessa, and a Bolshevik to boot. Well, she believed in *something* and, in a way, she died for it. And you're a Jewess too—if, according to the Nazis, one drop of Jewish blood is enough to make a Jew; anyway, *half* Jewess, Nat. And it's nothing to be proud of, or to be ashamed of either."

"Yes, father."

"If anybody asks you, you tell 'em what you are."

"I will, father."

And suddenly he swept her off the trunk into his arms, hugging her against his breast, choking with sobs, tears running down his cheeks.

A painful and unnecessary scene, but of course he had been drunk.

THE children had got on well enough together. They had been like a brother and a sister, swimming in the pool, riding horseback, playing tennis, fishing in the river, all the things that youngsters do.

Yes, they had their disagreements, usually resulting from some masculine assertion of Hath's superiority which Nat was never willing to accept. But the next day they'd be friends, as good as ever. And before another summer came Mitch had cabled for her. He had a job in Paris. And they had sent her back—not the child that they had taken, but well and strong and happy, and beginning to be pretty in a way that was her own; she didn't look like anybody else.

Hath came down from his prep school in New England to say good-by to her.

And he had kissed her, with his face as red as fire. "Good-by, Nat. Come back sometime."

"I will."

And that was that. They had corresponded for a while, but even that had stopped. And Hath had finished prep school and started in at Harvard. There he had found a long lost friend—"remember, father," he had written, "the boy I knew in Switzerland"—he could see the letter now as he had seen it then, the emotions crowding back. "He's a year ahead of me, just the way he was in Switzerland, and just as nice as ever. But the funny thing about it—and I can't figure out why you didn't know unless perhaps I didn't have the name right—his mother was your wife."

THE months and years slid by, and then one day in the fall of '39, soon after war began, a servant came to find him in the garden.

"Long distance, sir," he said. "A Mr. Ballou calling from New York, charges collect."

Old Mitch! He hurried to the house, eager and elated. "Well, Mitch! How are you? Say, it's good to hear your voice. When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago."

"Where's Nat?"

"Right here."

"That's great. What are you up to in New York?"

And Mitch had told his story: he hadn't lost his job; this time he'd quit. The Nazi war machine would go through France, he said, like a dose of salts, like maggots through a hunk of rotten cheese; and he wouldn't take a chance on being there with Nat.

"It occurred to me," he hurried on, "that we could live in Wyattville pretty cheap, and if I could get a job on the Wyattville Gazette—enough for bread and butter—"

"Yes, Mitch, I see." He thought for a moment, smiling to himself: the Gazette belonged to the Bank of Wyattville, and the bank belonged to him. "How would you like to own the paper, Mitch?"

"Own it?" Mitch laughed grimly. "I haven't got a dime."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mitch: I'll take your note for it."

Emilie had been pleased—more than pleased—and Wyattville had welcomed Mitch with open arms, and had been flattered too: a foreign correspondent who had spent most of his life in the capitals of Europe. The Gazette had started with a bang. Everybody read it—at first—and people had fun with other people's hurts until they themselves got pinched, which in time most of them did. But Mitch went right ahead chopping things to pieces, not caring where the chips fell; and not only local matters: he was for Roosevelt, for the New Deal, complaining only that it had no teeth; for the WPA, for higher income taxes in the upper brackets; for the workingman and labor unions; for intervention in the war; for the Russian Bolsheviks—and that was hard to take in the fall of '39 when the ink was hardly dry on the Berlin-Moscow nonaggression pact.

Negroes had been coming up the river in the spring, attracted by the wages they had heard about, flocking into Wyattville. There wasn't any place for them to live except along the levee, where they had a kind of camp, building shacks with scraps of driftwood, tents made out of rags, even dugouts in the bluff. Of course it had been bad: no water but the river, no proper sanitation—a lot of them were sick. And Mitch had sailed into the mess, proclaiming the conditions outrageous and disgraceful, and denouncing the authorities for permitting their existence.

And then there had been trouble, as might have been expected. At night a gang of men had gone to Shanty Town and cleaned the Negroes out and burned a house down, too; and in the excitement, had burned down several others.

The manager of the bank had come to Glencoe in a panic. The boys were wild, he said; if Mitch didn't keep his mouth shut they would tar and feather him and run him out of town. "We got to stop him, Sam."

"What would you suggest?"

"His note is due next week; we can close him up."

"I don't want to do that. I'll talk to him tonight."

And Mitch had come to dinner—Mitch and Nat: one of so many dinners, and the last.

Hath and Nat had disappeared; he hadn't noticed where. Emilie had gone into the library. Sam had opened the subject as discreetly as he could, trying to be casual.

But Mitch could not be casual. "I want the facts, and my job is to dig them out and print them. And, by God, I'll keep on doing it while I've got the strength. Oh, I know what they're saying. Mitch Ballou, the dirty Red." He laughed. "I'm not a Communist. I wish to God I was, but I'm not even sure about that. Anyway, that's what they call me: 'Mitch Ballou, the dirty Red.' They don't

know what it means, but that don't matter. And you? How would you describe yourself?"

No answer.

"Well, I'll tell you, Sam: the hero of the boys in Wyattville, in every Wyattville across the land, of every fellow, of every good American—the guy that went out and got it, got it for *himself*—the guy that brought the bacon, got what he went after—five million smackers, wasn't it?"

No answer.

"You've done everything the copybooks advise, everything the kids are taught to think. You should be immortalized, for the story of your life is, in a way, the story of America—the statement of its *values*. And now, from where you're sitting, what do you think about it? What do you really think about yourself?"

No answer.

"I'll tell you, Sam—I'll tell you how you look to me: the loneliest man I've ever known; and I've been lonely too, but not like you."

Sam moved uncomfortably; he was getting tired of it.

"A lonely man, going nowhere in the dark—"

And again there had been silence— And then there were the voices coming up the path—his son and Nat Ballou. And Mitch had gone, not calling out good night or looking back.

The moon was overhead when Sam came to a decision.

In the morning he had called the bank: "Go ahead and close him up."

THE next day Nat came to see him.

"I came to ask you why you did it." Her face looked very white—and very Jewish; like a picture he remembered having seen in some gallery in Europe. Her lips were tight, eyes fixed on his—not afraid and not resigned.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Nat, but I'm afraid there's nothing to be done." He looked away and went on in broken sentences: "The pressure on the bank—disturbances of the public interest—menacing the good of the community—constant irritation. I assure you I have tried to make your father see the importance of conforming within reasonable limits. And there is the money, which of course the bank doesn't feel like losing."

"No, it isn't that. You wouldn't care that much—not about a little money."

"It's simply that I can't support subversive undertakings which attack the institutions I believe in. Well, I have certain principles—" He shrugged impatiently.

"No," she said, "you haven't."

"Really—" He stepped back from the table, holding down his anger. "Really, I'm afraid there's nothing else to say."

And she said, evenly and quietly, "It's because I'm Jewish, isn't it?"

He heard the door latch click, but he didn't turn his head.

"Because you were afraid that Hath and I—" She stopped. And he saw in her eyes that he had been right about it, that she was in love with Hath. And then he heard Hath's voice, but still he didn't look.

"What's the matter, Nat?" A man's voice, not a boy's—something that was not to be commanded. And she answered him, as she always answered questions, not mincing words about it:

"Your father has taken the Gazette away from us."

"Taken the Gazette? But why?" Hath said.

And Sam had spoken then, fury surging in him.

"I'll tell you why," he said. "Because the paper has become intolerable; because I can't subscribe—"

"No," she interrupted. "Because I'm Jewish, Hath. Because he was afraid you were in love with me—I thought that must be it, but I wanted to be sure." And then she crossed between them toward the door.

"Wait, Nat!" Hath tried to stop her, but she went around him, out into the hall.

"By God!" Hath said, and that was all—staring at him, with a look in his eyes which would be hard to forget—bitter and contemptuous. And then Emilie came into the doorway, looking at them anxiously, asking what was wrong.

He didn't remember very clearly after that—beside himself with rage and injury and the sense of being cornered, that whatever he had done, and for whatever reason, he would not profit by it. He saw Hath's face then—disdainful and defiant, goading fury higher; and Emilie's frightened eyes. He saw himself commanding what he'd have: a return, some compensation for the lifetime that he'd spent to make the future safe and clean of handicap—obedience to his will. "That Jew girl," he had called her. But he'd known in his heart that he was whipped.

And Hath had gone. He had kissed his mother, saying to her not to worry, that it would be all right. He hadn't tried to stop him—not to stop him with his hands. He had

thought of doing that, and had thought better of it.

"Look!" he said. "If you go, then don't come back."

And Hath had gone, not even glancing at him.

"No!" Emilie cried. "You don't mean that. Think what you're saying. You can't do things like that. You can't make people's lives for them." She stamped her foot. "Go quickly. Bring him back. Tell him that you're sorry, that you didn't mean it."

"No," he said. "I mean it."

"Oh—" She pulled away from him, looking at him strangely—a desperate, hunted look. And then suddenly she turned and ran into the hall; and, looking through the window, he saw her running down the drive, around the bed of cannas—

And then the storm had burst with a splitting crash of thunder and jagged streaks of lightning stabbing at the river. And he had gone running down the drive, stumbling in the darkness, calling out to her; finding her at last drenched and shivering underneath a tree. And he had carried her in his arms back to the house.

And the next day she was ill; and the day after that Hath could not be found. And then, and then—

He winked the tears out of his eyes, stiffening his shoulders, picking up his pen again, writing rapidly, careless of his words—

> Please come home for Christmas—you and Nat. There are things I want to talk to you about—to both of you. And I *need* to see you. I have been very lonely. So come and we will try to have a happy time—a tree and Christmas cheer. Please let me know as quickly as you can. I shall be waiting anxiously to hear. Love to you both.
>
> YOUR FATHER.

They had come and they had been very kind, friendly and polite, trying to act as though nothing had occurred, but not fooling anybody.

And then there had been dinner—an ordeal of make-believe, the conversation like an ebbing tide, breaking and receding. It had been hopeless then. His heart had been like lead; and then he had begun to talk about another Christmas—about the thimble he had given his mother.

"My mother was a seamstress"—his voice was hard, almost aggressive—"a very good one, too, luckily for us. She made dresses for the ladies of the town, Mrs. Henry Wyatt and her friends—made them in her leisure when

she wasn't nursing children, waiting on my father, cooking, scrubbing, washing dishes. She was a lady born, a gentlewoman. Nat; and my father was a shiftless, good-for-nothing man."

And through the hours of that Christmas afternoon, pacing back and forth across the room, sitting down sometimes and getting up again, watching their faces till he could no longer see them in the deepening winter twilight, he told them the story which began on another winter day nearly fifty years ago. He told them what had happened, hoping they would see how one step led to another and could hardly be averted.

It was quite dark when he finished. He couldn't see their faces. He was conscious of a sound, as if Nat might be crying; but he thought that wasn't likely, because she never cried and he wasn't sure what there was to cry about.

And then his son had come to him and put his arm around his shoulders—a thing he had never done before; and he had said in a way that settled everything, that left no shred of doubt:

"It's all right, father—"

Later he told them how difficult it was to keep things going, hinting hopefully at the idea that they would come home to live, to make their home with him and help him with the place.

But there was a reason why his son could not come home. Hath told him: he was in the Army, on his way to a training camp in Texas, and Nat was going with him, and would live somewhere near by.

"In the Army?" He hadn't heard the rest of it. "But you're not in uniform."

"Not yet," Hath smiled, "but they've got one waiting for me. I've enlisted in the Air Force."

"The Air Force? But why?"

"Let's put it this way, father: The war belongs to us, my generation; we're the ones that have to fight it; we didn't make it, but it always works out like that. Well, I wouldn't be content to be left out of it. I want my share, however good or bad."

"Yes," Sam said, "I see." But he had not seen very well, his attention so engrossed in listening to his son who had never talked to him, who had always been evasive and defensive, to whom he had never listened, whom he had never tried to understand, whom he had never known —this fine young man, his son.

Hath took Nat's hand. "It's hard to say quite why. Maybe you can say it, Nat? You're pretty good at getting to the bottom of a thing."

"I'll try." She smiled. "For your soul's sake, isn't it?"

IT was in October and he was in the garden, raking up the leaves, when a plane came diving from the sky, directly at the house. It zoomed away and came sailing back again, circling round and round, so close that he could see the pilot waving to him. And suddenly he knew that it was Hath, for Hath had written he would come some day, dropping down out of the sky.

And it was Hath—Hath in uniform, with his silver wings and his lieutenant's bars. He rushed over from Wyatt Field as soon as he landed.

Three hours they had had—

When the time was almost spent he had suddenly thought of the present he had made to give his son; and he had got his toolbox from the hall and unwrapped the little pieces from a bit of oily cloth.

"Why, father"—Hath turned them in his hands—"they're beautiful! A pair of silver dice—"

"No, steel."

"Oh, steel That's something new. Where did you pick them up?"

"I made them, Hath."

"You made them? *What?*"

"Yes—" And he explained that he was now doing his part for the war by working in a factory, feeling a little foolish and embarrassed, not quite understanding the expression in Hath's eyes.

"Why?" Hath said at last. "*Why* did you do it, father?"

"Why? I don't know, Hath." And then he looked up, smiling. "Maybe for my soul's sake."

"Yes, I see." Hath laughed, but there was a catch in it. And he said lightly, "The dice my father made me should be lucky ones for me."

"I hope so, Hath."

"We'll see—" He clicked them in his hand and rolled them on the floor. "Well, yes, of course," he said, "a seven, naturally." And he quickly picked them up—so quickly that his father had no chance to see them.

Then they hurried back to Wyatt Field; the plane standing ready on the line, its motors idling, blocks beneath the wheels, mechanics standing by to pull them out, the final minutes ticking off to nothing.

"Father—there's one thing that I haven't told you yet—Nat is going to have a baby."

"Oh, a baby, Hath—"

"And if it's a boy, as we're sure that it will be, his name is to be Sam."

"Thank you, Hath." Hot tears in his eyes.

"And you'll look after them?"

"Yes, I'll look after them."

"Good-by—good-by—" Warm with pride and cold with fear.

The last time he had seen his son—or ever was to.

IT seemed to him now that he had known it then, that there was no other end to it—as of a thing so advanced upon its course that it could not be checked, nor the ends of it be altered—like a design whose final lines, or threads, must be completed.

When Hath had gone abroad, Nat had come home to him with the baby—with little Sam, and there had been times when he had been able to think only of them—right up to the day that Neill Wyatt had called him and said he would like to see him—to talk to him about Hath.

He'd been watching through the window, watching all the time from the corner of his eye. And now he saw a boy in uniform coming along the sidewalk, looking at the house—a boy like Hath, not like Hath at all, yet like him.

"Mr. Braden?"—Neill Wyatt's voice, Neill Wyatt's face; but he had his mother's eyes—blue eyes, steady, smiling. He was not come in mourning, asserting obvious grief, as a stupid person might. Jaunty was the word, but not the kind of jauntiness which could give offense—careless, easy, gracious, sure of himself.

"Yes—" They shook hands.

"I'm glad to meet you, sir. I've been looking forward to it. You see, I've always felt as though we were related"—there was a humorous twinkle in his eye—"you having once been married to my mother."

He smiled. It wasn't an impertinence, as it might have been if some one else had said it.

"I hardly know how to begin, sir."

Sam didn't speak and presently the boy went on.

Hath had been his closest friend, he said—first in that school in Switzerland, and then three years at Harvard, and ever since. He was the older by a year or two. But Hath was the better student and got the better marks. He never would have thought that Hath would make a flyer, but as it turned out, Hath could fly circles round him. He had been among the best. "Yes, the very best," he said. "I don't know if you knew that, Mr. Braden?"

He shook his head

"Lucky Seven" was the name he had given to his ship. "But of course you know that, sir?"

He nodded.

"And I suppose you know that underneath the dice there were six swastikas—the six that he'd shot down?"

He nodded again.

"But perhaps you don't know, sir, that there should have been three more—the three that cost his life?"

"No—" He shook his head.

"Nine was his total, sir—and the last three, three to one. I can tell you about that, sir, and I'm sure that there's no one better qualified, for I was there and saw it." The young man paused to light a cigarette.

"It was a day in March and Hath was covering our squadron—on a bombing mission over Holland. I won't go into details, but our ship was crippled—and instead of Hath going on, he came back to escort us. We were crossing the Channel and land was within sight when three enemy fighters dropped out of the clouds.

And Hath had laughed. "I'll get you through," he said. "You keep that old tub going." Hath had dived sharply on the tail of the first one closing in upon the bomber, and, taken unawares, it had gone down in his first burst of fire. "One," he had shouted; wheeling to come back, catching the second one almost head on. And again the enemy intent upon his target, was taken unawares; and the ship went down, spinning like a corkscrew. "Two!" Hath shouted.

"By God, sir"—Neill Wyatt stood up suddenly, leaning with his hands upon the desk, stammering just a little with excitement—"it—it was magnificent."

He nodded.

"But it couldn't last forever, sir—not a horseshoe nor a seven. The third got him, but he had got it, too, for he had gone down in flames.

"I owe my life to Hath, sir—six of us do." Neill Wyatt wasn't being solemn or emotional; there wasn't any alteration in his manner, any quaver in his voice: but his eyes were very earnest, convincingly sincere. "I'd like to think I'd have done the same for him. I hope I would, sir."

"Yes," he said, "I am sure that you would." And he was sure of it. Neither of them spoke again. After a moment he got up and walked with the young man to the door, and when they were outside on the step—

"Thank you very much," he said, holding out his hand. "Thank you, Major Wyatt."

"I wish"—Neill Wyatt hesitated—"I wish you'd call me Neill, sir."

"Why, yes—" He smiled. "Good-by, Neill, and—good luck."

"The same to you, sir."

The young man brought his hand up in salute and went briskly down the path.

Sam turned back into the house. His lunch box was there in the hall. He picked it up finally. He had plenty of time, though—if he walked slowly.

He cut across the Square—that was the shortest way. There was the old brick house where the Wyatts had always lived, with its crazy cupola, but the iron fence was gone, whisked away and vanished—not a trace of it remained. The old house looked familiar and strangely unfamiliar, like a person caught undressed—not imposing in the least, certainly not formidable, but exactly what it was and always had been: an old brick house with a crazy cupola.

Funny what a difference an iron fence could make. He laughed softly to himself. Nobody to keep in and nobody to keep out—not any more.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ONE of the documents necessary for an understanding of our times is that overstuffed mixture of autobiography and ranting which was presented to the world by Adolf Hitler under the martial title of Mein Kampf. Its value lies only in the fact that history and the German people conspired to give the author power. And it will help us to understand the man behind the power.

As a companion piece to Mein Kampf, and to enlarge our scope of understanding, I recommend earnestly a reading of **Der Fuehrer**, by **Konrad Heiden.** It is a detailed, shrewd, well documented, and keenly appraising biography of Hitler. It is also a

Konrad Heiden

brilliant analysis of the forces that moved and made this man who has become a synonym for monster over half the world. For it was not Adolf alone who has achieved such a great measure of bloody glory. There were evil men and terrible forces behind him.

It will be easier to wipe out the men than the forces. And Heiden, in a postscript that might well be read both before and after reading the book, points that out bluntly.

What made possible this growth of a small-time political informer and spy into a world-shattering Caesar? Here is the whole story, step by step—of the man and of

Robert Carse

the people and forces which shaped him. It carries the history only up to the time when he consolidated his position by the blood purges of June, 1934—but that is as far as one need go now. From that time on he has been the spearhead of a national will. How he became that is the more fascinating story.

Heiden gives the story in every aspect—Hitler's background, his personal life, his character, the people who influenced him and whom he influenced. It is a detailed, full-dimensional picture of this man who is "as a human figure, lamentable; as a political mind, one of the most tremendous phenomena of all world history."

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. Price. $3.

LIFELINE, by **Robert Carse,** is the story of one group of men whose struggle to beat down what Hitler stands for is truly heroic—and unremitting. It is the story of America's merchant marine in this war.

Robert Carse does not limit himself to its exploits and bravery. He gives a pithy and comprehensive history of the merchant marine, a description of the ships its men now sail, and an over-all picture of what they are doing in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters.

If anything, his stories of heroism are underwritten. But his book is stirring as well as informative. It is complemented by some quite superior pictures—as lively and instructive as the text—which is high praise indeed.

Published by Wm. Morrow & Co., N. Y. Price. $2.75.

WHILE we're on the subject of war, I want to recommend a pamphlet (or paper-bound book—price, 50c) that is worth reading. It is **Sabotage,** a reprint, with some new material, of the book by **Michael Sayres** and **Albert E. Kahn.** The war against the enemy within is not yet won. The same forces which promoted Hitler and about which Heiden warns us are not played out yet, and this book reveals how they have operated right in our own back yard. Exciting, revealing stuff.

Next time you
make an
Old-Fashioned,
try rum instead of
whiskey.
You're in for a
great surprise!

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LIE DETECTOR

Continued from Page 24

some sleep, dear. You haven't looked well lately."

Halfway down the block she remembered the pound of waste kitchen fats she had thriftily accumulated to sell to her butcher, and turned back to get it.

As she came up the walk, Eric was at the telephone. As the bell had not rung, it was obvious he had sprung out of bed to make a call the minute she left.

"*Ja*," she heard him say. "*Ja, ja.* I haven't been told when the party will be, but I'm spiking two drinks tonight."

The instant her slim shadow fell within the square of sunlight on the wall he hung up.

She paused. She was too proud to ask questions about his personal affairs, but she had been big about a lot of secretive little things for a long time, and her pride was wearing thin. "For me?" she asked.

He whirled and glared at her. For an instant his eyes flared up as if he would like to kill her.

"No," he said shortly, "it was a wrong number."

She looked at him, standing in his pajamas, lying. She said slowly. "It's so hard to get a person's right number."

She lifted her coffee can of salvaged grease out of the icebox with trembling hands, as if it were already the deadly explosive charge it soon would become.

THAT night she caught a ride and reached home before her usual time, but Eric already had left the house, needlessly early.

The telephone was ringing as she unlocked the door. She walked warily across the dark room toward it, knowing without shame that she was going to mimic Eric's voice. She picked up the buzzing receiver, dropped her voice low, and said cautiously, "*Ja, ja.*"

A man's hoarse voice said, "Is good I catch you before you left, Eric. The party will be tomorrow afternoon. You must spike all six drinks tonight, and—" Clicks on the line, as of some one cutting in, frightened the voice away. A coin tinkled distantly in a pay phone.

Bernice paced slowly around the house till morning.

Parties in the afternoon, while she was away at work? Somehow Eric didn't seem the type for that. Spiking drinks. A silly expression she had not heard since college days. But Eric drank nothing stronger than beer.

And even while she reasoned thus she knew in her heart that it all meant something else. But what? You didn't jump to an unspeakable conclusion without evidence.

Eric's key fumbled at the lock. Bernice stepped to her mirror and pretended to be dressing. He came in looking more tired, more drawn, than she had ever seen him. He was too restless to sleep, and anxious to get out of the house. They had scarcely spoken since they came to the beach.

Now she needed to talk. She sensed that even the smallest small talk might lead to the hidden point, like water trickling to find the crack in the stone.

"This is just a silly rumor," she said, "and I really shouldn't repeat it."

"Then let's hear it," he said

"Well, last night at lunch I heard from Hazel in Public Relations that—super-hush-hush—they are going to test-fly the Jupiter today, ahead of schedule."

She remembered later that no muscle of his powerful body had so much as flicked. *But inside the locked vault of his breast she heard his heart give a great leap and begin to hammer like a machine gun.*

She lay listening, wondering. "Why are you excited?" she asked curiously.

"Me? But I'm not," he said gruffly. "What makes you think so?"

She let the question go unanswered while she counted, timing his heartbeats by her watch. Gradually they dropped back from one hundred to ninety.

"Eric," she said, "shall we go for a quick swim before we go home?"

"No. I just want to lie here, and—watch the gulls fly."

She kept her ear to his heart and said experimentally, "You don't like to swim because you're afraid of the water."

She felt him shrug. "I do not like to swim," he said, "because I am a poor swimmer. I loathe the water. It is the element of lower animals. My aversion to water is a racial characteristic."

"What race, Eric?"

He hesitated. "Shall we say the human race?" he said blandly. His pulse had fallen to eighty. She saw that he was searching the highest sky, not watching the wheeling gulls.

She began again, intrigued by an idea that seemed fantastic and yet sound. If his heart spurted guiltily at a chance remark for some reason, perhaps it could be made to answer questions for her that his tongue would not divulge.

"Eric," she said casually, "what does it mean to spike a drink?"

His voice was elaborately unconcerned, but his heart sprinted ahead. "Any schoolboy knows it means to fix a drink, put something in it that doesn't belong there. You knew that. Why did you ask me?" His pulse had climbed to a hectic hundred again.

"Have you been going out on drinking parties with girls while I've been working?" she asked.

He yawned, and his pulse eased off in obvious relief. "Of course not, dear. I see so many women during working hours I want to spend my spare time with men." His pulse dropped away to ninety, then eighty, and gradually fell back to somewhere around seventy-six.

Bernice believed him. She had half feared it was not girls and drinks. Now his heart confirmed it.

"Your friends are very funny!"

But the Jupiter, she thought. Why should he react so violently to the rumor of its test flight? Innocently she asked him a natural question, "Eric, have you been installing engines on the Jupiter?"

Thud-thud-thud, his heart drummed uneasily, picking up speed. "No, I haven't been near Mister Big," he said. "I'm on something else. What's it to you?"

Through her eyelashes Bernice followed the second hand of her watch. Twenty-six beats in fifteen seconds added up to a pulse of one hundred and four. A frightened, stammering pulse, that did not slacken in a long minute of silence.

Tense silence it was toward the last, as Bernice felt thoughts drilling inexorably through her mind.

"Mars, Saturn, Mercury," she said slowly, "Venus, Jupiter, Neptune—" and with her ear to his heart she caught the telltale extra thump at the one word out of the six. So it was the Jupiter. Something concerning the world's biggest plane.

"You're talking very strangely," he said stiffly.

"I was just thinking out loud," she said, "what a grand name it is. Big, like the ship itself. But will it fly?"

"No one ever really knows if an entirely new design will fly," he said evenly, "until the test flight. All sorts of things may happen then, and no one is really to blame."

WITH that, last night's mysterious phone call came back in a flash of intuition that illuminated it as a stroke of lightning illumines a black midnight, and she found herself stripped of all innocence, framing a catch question with an alien cunning she had not known she possessed. She sprang it: "Is the party you are waiting for, the test flight of the Jupiter?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" he said coldly. But his heart said he did. It pounded on the wall of his ribs. "What do all these stupid questions mean?" he blustered.

Twenty-seven beats in fifteen seconds. A shock pulse. Half hysterically she thought, And now for the sixty-four-dollar question. Aloud, somewhere in the distance, she heard her strained voice ask this strange man, with a suicidal consciousness of what she was saying, "Speaking of spiked drinks at parties, *is the Jupiter going to have engine trouble on its test flight today?*"

Then she snuggled closer to him, shuddering to hear his heart stumble, bound, and race with panic. Five seconds, ten ticked by before he pushed her roughly away and sat up.

"How the hell should I know?" he cried. "What kind of question is that?" Then he forced himself to relax and tried to smile. "You're morbid. Why do you say unhealthy things?"

She sat counting, with her shoulder smarting from the shove he had given her. Twenty loud heartbeats in ten seconds would indicate a pulse of one hundred and twenty. Call a doctor, she thought irrelevantly—if you can find one. She looked around quickly.

Behind them rose high palisades, with the coastal highway on top. Bernice could see the upper half of automobiles and trucks passing. A mile to the south, where the long amusement pier thrust out, the beach was crowded with bathers and lined with the tall build-

ings of a dozen beach clubs. But at this end there were only a few picnicking parties on this weekday afternoon. The nearest one, three old women and a small boy, was fifty yards away.

Eric had insisted on this spot, although Bernice would have liked company. Eric liked privacy.

She thought, Now, if I can only get away—

She started to get up and he started to get up. She sank back and moistened her lips. She pointed to the empty sky behind him and said, "Why, here comes the Jupiter now!"

He whirled, shading his eyes with his hand, and searched the bright deceptive haze.

She sprang up silently and started to run as fast as she could toward the road, but in the soft sand her running had the leaden-footed horror of a nightmare.

Eric overtook her easily. "So," he said. He grabbed her wrist from behind and twisted it and clamped his other hand over her mouth and dragged her backward toward the ocean.

Over the edge of his hand she could see the picnickers look up in amazement. The child pointed and laughed. They think we're playing, Bernice thought.

She tried to sink her teeth into his hand, to get a chance to scream, but it was clamped too tightly. Her lips began to bleed. Her arms were helpless in his expert judo grip. She kicked and twisted until she tripped him. They fell down in the sand at the spot where they had lain, in the body marks they had made together. He crouched on top of her, pinning her down. He was very pale and cold sweat trickled from his face. His eyes were nothing she had ever seen before.

SHE lay on her back looking up at him watching him think about killing her, seeing him coolly weigh the chances, glance at the near-by picnickers, dismiss them. She saw him decide to go through with it.

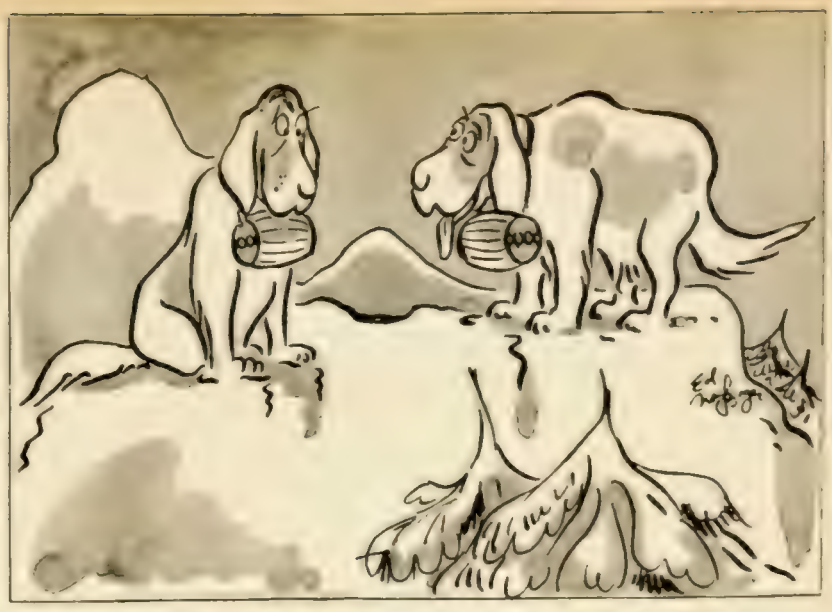
He picked her up in his arms and ran into the ocean with her. She felt the splash, felt him recoil from the water, hesitate. He was not afraid of what he was going to do to her, but he was afraid of the water.

Looking over his shoulder toward the highway above, Bernice saw a car driving very slowly along, close to the rail. A man beside the driver scanned the beach with binoculars. Bernice tried to wave, but she could only kick, like a playful schoolgirl being carried into the water for a ducking.

The car stopped. Bernice recognized it as the same large old-fashioned sedan that had stopped before the bungalow court last Sunday. The same three young men tumbled out. They vaulted over the roadside fence and began to slide and scramble down the steep eroded palisades toward the beach. Bernice tried to scream to them that there was a path to the left, but they were in too much of a hurry to bother with a path.

She felt Eric gather himself to wade deeper. A wave rose about them, up to his shoulders, over Bernice's face. He took his hand off her mouth to push her under with both hands.

She tried to scream under water and began to drown. The wave rolled over them and her head bobbed up into the light. She caught part of a breath and heard an enormous roaring as of airplane engines. So this is it, she thought, off in a tiny undrowned island in her



"I understand this year people are trying to find *us!*"

mind. It's like big airplane engines roaring closer until they're you, and than that's all.

He still held her by the wrist. Now he seized her also by the throat and pushed her ahead of him out deeper into the ocean, fighting through the water clumsily. A second wave, bigger than the first, lifted them both off their feet, lifted her into buoyancy of flight, lifted him into awkward floundering that for an instant loosed his hold on her wrist and her throat.

She twisted like a fish and swam away under water, swam on after all breath was gone and only will was left. She came up fainting, with red and black rockets bursting in her eyes. She felt herself sinking back under the water. The roaring was louder now. A third wave carried her limp sinking body forward a few yards. She felt her feet touch the sand, and was able at last to take two deep breaths. The first burned like fire in her strangling lungs, but she needed it to live. She looked toward the palisades and saw the three young men plunge off the last rocky ledge into the sand thirty feet below. With her second breath she screamed.

Her scream seemed to awaken echoes. She staggered into shallow water, screaming again and again, but no one was paying any attention to her because the nearest picnickers were screaming and the people beyond them were screaming too, and looking at the sky. Cars were stopping on the road above, and people were jumping out and running for cover, running to hide themselves from a giant airplane, bigger than any they had ever seen, falling out of the invisibility of the stratosphere, with smoke and fire streaming from two of its six huge engines.

It cleared the crowded pier by a few feet, scattering the fishermen, and roared north up the beach, two more engines stopping, so that the pilot could not climb over the tall buildings of the beach clubs, but had to veer away from them, over the surf. He got his landing gear down. Bathers were running like mice from a hawk.

The big plane was only half a mile away now, clear of the crowds and settling rapidly in a flat glide. The landing gear clipped a wave. Bernice fell into the sand. One great wing passed over her as the plane skittered down into the surf with a splash that put out the burning engines in columns of hissing steam, a splash that swept the flame from the engines into the sea, and set the sea on fire.

A sheet of blazing gasoline and oil fanned out behind the two burst nacelles, past where Bernice lay, watching. The southwest wind drove the floating fire offshore, away from the plane.

A lone swimmer, a man, splashing clumsily toward shore, toward Bernice, met this fiery, floating countertide, and it flowed over him. His head began to burn.

A good swimmer, some one not afraid of the sea, could have made it by swimming under water and coming up splashing when he had to breathe, as sailors are trained to do; but this man seemed foolishly more afraid of water than of fire, and he was a poor swimmer, trying to keep his head above the water all the time. But it was not water, it was liquid fire, and in a few minutes he had no hair and no face, and stopped making any more noises, and sank with his blackened hands held up and his fingertips burning like a ten-branched candelabra.

MEN in stratosphere suits were swarming out of hatches all over the huge plane, running along the wings and turning fire extinguishers on the two smoldering engines. None of them had seen what the flaming sea had swallowed, but one cocky mechanic, seeing the danger past, waved impudently to the shapely girl he saw sprawled on the sand. She was trying to remember the names and identifying facts about every person it had been friendly with, it had walked to work with, it had ever telephoned, it had even mentioned.

The three young men struggled through the deep sand to her, panting, their suits torn from throwing themselves down the rocky cliff. They all held revolvers.

The first one, who limped badly and had blood on his face, jerked his head questioningly at the fiery patch on the sea, now flickering low, now burned out bare.

As if she had been working with them all her life, Bernice nodded.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

Without trying to raise her broken wrist Bernice looked down at her watch. The sea had stopped its telltale ticking. All she could think of to say as she looked up gratefully at their furious young faces was, "It's time to go to work."

THE END

BRITISH LABOR LOOKS AHEAD

Continued from Page 17

QUESTION: *I have often heard it said in England that some parts of the Empire cost more than they were worth; in other words, the expense of maintaining them exceeded the profits received. If that is true, why do the British people pay out taxes to maintain them?*

MR. MORRISON: It is quite true that many parts of our Empire are financially unprofitable. Some are kept because they have important military value—just as you keep the unprofitable Virgin Islands. And, speaking frankly, parts are maintained for prestige. And, speaking even more frankly, I believe they are kept because the British people simply don't know what else to do with them.

You see, you must remember that the modern Englishman has inherited this Empire from his seventeenth- and eighteenth-century trading ancestors. It doesn't matter whether he wants it or not: he *has* it. To argue his moral right to this land or that is, at this late date, as fruitless as arguing whether Americans have a moral right to lands they seized from the Indians or the Mexicans a century ago.

The really important fact today is that the only control, the only influence for progress as we know it in many of these partially developed communities, is that which the British people exercise.

Though we have often fallen grievously short of our own aims, the British people feel kindly toward our colonial peoples and take an almost unconscious pride in their development. I doubt whether we could, in rightful conscience, unburden ourselves of them. I doubt whether these communities, if they realized all the implications of *complete* independence, would want it themselves. And I further doubt whether the world at large would care to be confronted by new problems in the shape of a lot of small new unstable and defenseless communities.

QUESTION: *What benefits do you think British rule has conferred upon these colonies which they might not have been able to discover for themselves?*

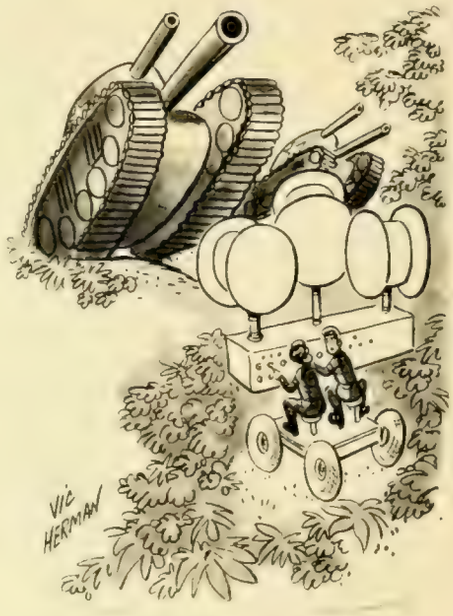
MR. MORRISON: Critics of the Empire, of whom I am often one, are quick to point out the regrettable exceptions to our standard of good government. The mistakes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are better not forgotten but remembered, so that we may not repeat them in this enlightened age.

Yet, mindful as I am of these faults, I am firmly convinced that if Americans or any one else could investigate the inner workings of the Empire as I have done, they would credit us, on the whole, with a humane, decent, fair-minded attitude toward the less advanced peoples whom our trading ancestors have left in our care.

We have established a good system of law and public administration throughout the one quarter of the earth's surface which is our Empire. We have brought order and sown the seeds of citizenship in hundreds of uncivilized communities. We have spread education, public health, social services, and increased incomes in many lands. This has been no easy task. And in most cases we have carried on government while leaving native cultures intact. The British people have a right to be proud of this contribution to the advancement of human society.

QUESTION: *What about India?*

MR. MORRISON: The Churchill government made a definite offer of self-government to India through Sir Stafford Cripps. Unfortunately, as all the world now knows, India could not unite herself sufficiently to accept one government. Therefore it is no longer the British government which stands between India and her freedom; now the only obstacles are such things as the quarrel between the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League and the other signs of communal division. It was likewise unfortunate that the matter came up at a time when India, if left free to fight out her political quarrels, would have gravely endangered the Allied cause.



"Do you hear anything?"

QUESTION: *Will India be granted her freedom after the war?*

MR. MORRISON: It has been stated flatly on the government's behalf that if India can compose her own differences and establish a solid, unified government, she can—after the war—have self-government.

QUESTION: *You spoke earlier of liberal factions in Britain which have championed the cause of the colonial peoples. Who are they and how strong are they?*

MR. MORRISON: The strongest liberal element in Britain today is the Labor Party, one of our two great political parties. The party has made itself quite clear on the Empire in its official policy documents.

It believes, first of all, that the primary object of the colonial administration must be to train native inhabitants in every possible way so that they may, in the shortest possible time, be able to govern themselves. Second, the party objects to a color bar and urges that any kind of discrimination on the ground of race, color, or religion must cease. It wants care taken that the economic life of a community does not depend exclusively on a single crop or upon an export crop which will bring a large price in the world market. It wants the tax systems of many colonies revised, lest they cause what is really forced labor by necessitating work for small money wages on long-term contracts in order to meet such taxes in cash.

Further, the Labor Party wishes to create a labor department within the colonial administration which will be capable of protecting and promoting the interests of the natives. Trade-unions and co-operative movements would be represented in such a department.

The party stands for much improved colonial education to fit the natives for full and free citzenship in a modern state. These are merely some points in a long list of party recommendations, but perhaps they are enough to illustrate the trend of thinking in one of Britain's two major parties.

QUESTION: *How will such a sweeping program be financed?*

MR. MORRISON: Needless to say, that is our worst problem. The Labor Party points out that nearly all our African colonies, for example, are poor, have a low standard of education and a very low standard of living. Obviously it is impossible to get from them enough money to finance their own development.

The party suggests long-term loans from Britain to these colonies. But the party points out that opening up the African market and increasing African productivity may well justify, even financially, such measures. It believes that Britain must assume this responsibility if at all possible. If not, it suggests an international movement to develop such colonies, financed by international capital, administered by an international body.

This, of course, applies only to poor colonies. In other territories, where the standard of living is higher and there are sources of wealth now being tapped by enterprise, the party suggests that taxes be turned over to the local administration rather than to Imperial revenues. It cites Northern Rhodesia as an example.

QUESTION: *What do you see as the future of the British Empire?*

MR. MORRISON: I am no prophet and not very good at crystal-gazing. Yet in a very general way, by tracing out current trends, perhaps we can arrive at certain conclusions.

I believe that, with vast modern air transport, our Empire, far from splitting up, will become more tightly knit than ever. The future of this Empire will not be decided by argument, bitter or otherwise. It can rise to new greatness only by the determined efforts of its people. We have unlimited and inspiring tasks ahead of us. We have vast unsettled lands, great treasures of undeveloped wealth, and the combined talents of millions of people.

In the last fifty years, as the growth of our Commonwealth has proved, the British Empire has come to stand for free political fellowship. Perhaps a hundred years from now there will be ten or twelve or more free Dominions.

Great goals require great labor; but labor we shall, with pride and with confidence, in peace as we have in war. If in the coming century this Empire progresses as swiftly as it has within the last generation, I believe the world will have no just cause to complain.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

—*Ed Wynn.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

MOUNTBATTEN'S JOB

Continued from Page 27

drive the Japs out. It would not be easy or cheap. Flat coastal country would make it almost impossible to surprise the enemy, tangled delta waterways would hinder the initial advance, and the Japs would doubtless choose their points of resistance shrewdly. They have prepared Burma's airfields for a very much larger number of planes than they have ever had there, and could throw squadrons in from Indo-China and Thailand very quickly. We would have to give air cover from carriers until we took the Andamans and could operate from there.

It all involves very large numbers of highly trained men, masses of equipment, huge sea and air fleets. And then, given every other factor, how soon would the Allies have shipping available to get them to the theater of war? It certainly will take time.

What, then, can Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten be expected to do soon in his new command? An obvious possibility is a concentrated attack somewhere along the eastern fringe of the Bay of Bengal, with the object of depriving Japan of her control there. (Her sea transport north of Rangoon has already been greatly hampered by U. S. long-range bomber raids from India.) An attempt to cut this enemy supply line more directly would obviously be a tough job, but Mountbatten's record points to him as the man to plan and put through such an operation.

The Japs have shown clear signs of being unhappy about their dependence on the long sea road around Singapore for their primary communication between Indo-China and Burma. They are slaving to drive a railway through from Bangkok, in Thailand, across the mountains to Burma, but it's a difficult route, and Allied bombers, even operating from India, can make the construction so unhealthy that the whole project must be regarded as—to put it mildly—a very long-range one. Doubtless the Japs will try, whatever the interruption, to sneak along the coasts with small night-running craft. But there is clearly immediate scope for intensely trained, relatively small Allied forces, jumping in where they are least expected anywhere around the Jap-held coasts of the bay and working on sea-borne Wingate lines.

Later might come larger forces and a permanent bridgehead, with aircraft operating. Mountbatten is not the type of man to try the main job with troops operating in penny packets. But, even before he can train the big forces and get the ships and equipment he needs for a major campaign, it seems likely that the Japs around the Bay of Bengal will be having an uncomfortable and prickly time.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SOME SHORT SHOTS

Who knows? Perhaps the fish go home and tell about the size of the bait they stole.

It's lots of fun to work hard and save money while you're young, because then when you're old you can have all the things that only young people really enjoy.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD people say "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* $100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, and check your expenditures, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford?" Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

Let's all BACK THE ATTACK!

4TH WAR LOAN

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

DISCHARGES from the Army are either white, blue, or yellow—meaning the color of the discharge papers. An honorable discharge is white. A discharge from the Army of the United States, commonly known as a discharge without honor, is blue. A dishonorable discharge is yellow.

Here's a quick summary of the eleven major grounds for discharge, so that when you hear a man got a Section II or a Section VIII or a Section X discharge, you'll be hep. The whole subject is covered in AR 615-360, of which Section I has to do with general procedure. After that comes—

Pin-Up Girl

Section II. This is the C. D. D. (Certificate of Disability Discharge) commonly known as the medical discharge. If a man is disabled in line of duty or in any way that is not a result of his own willful misconduct, he gets a white discharge. If willful misconduct brought on his disability, the discharge is blue.

Section III. Discharge by purchase. During peacetime a man can purchase a discharge by reimbursing the government for the loss it suffers by his failure to complete his enlistment. This type is suspended during wartime.

Section IV. Minority. Upon application of a parent or legal guardian a man may be discharged if he is under eighteen.

Section V. Dependency. A soldier whose dependents are faced with destitution as a result of a death in the family, or equally grave circumstances, may be discharged.

Section VI. Fraudulent enlistment. A man may be discharged if, upon enlistment, he concealed a desertion or a conviction for a heinous crime.

Section VII. Desertion. A deserter may be tried by court-martial, or, if circumstances warrant, his commanding general may give him a blue discharge without trial. The latter is extremely rare in wartime.

Section VIII. This discharge is for inaptness or undesirable traits of character, or, in other words, for misfits. A board of officers hears the case and recommends a "Section VIII" if the man is absolutely incapable of performing any useful service to the Army or is unfit to associate with other soldiers. It is a blue discharge usually. However, if the board finds that he tried his best, he may be given a white discharge.

Section IX. Conviction by a civil court. The commanding general may discharge a man convicted of a crime which "clearly indicates" his unsuitability for the Army. Blue discharge..

Section X. "For the convenience of the Government," this one is called. It includes many grounds for discharge and is always white, unless a blue discharge is specifically recommended by a board of officers. A man discharged to take a commission or become a warrant officer is given a "Section X." Likewise, limited service men found to be below the minimum standards for induction or physically unable to perform any useful function. Also, men discharged by the Adjutant General for erroneous induction or because they are vital in civilian life for national health, safety, or public welfare.

Section XI. Writ of habeas corpus. A federal court or federal judge may order a man's discharge by serving a writ of habeas corpus upon his commanding officer.

Section XII. Dishonorable discharge. This discharge—yellow—is given only upon the direction of a court-martial or a military commission.

There's the summary. Hope it clears up some of the confusion.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I'm sick and tired of pin-up girls, Sarge. Give me a nice ugly gal with poison-ality. The uglier they come, the better I like 'em.

Pvt. J. C.,
Somewhere in New Guinea.

O. K., Joe. I'm mailing a picture of Minnie the Hippopotamus.

* * *

In a recent issue you informed Yeoman H. J. C. that there is no longer any such rank as Admiral of the Navy. What about Admiral Halsey and others?

A. M. C., St. Clair Shores, Mich.

I'm glad to straighten this one out, since I've had several queries on the subject. Remember, I was referring to the rank of "Admiral of the Navy"—not just the rank of "Admiral." The rank of "Admiral of the Navy" ceased to exist in 1917 with the death of George Dewey. The only three men ever to hold this rank were Dewey, David G. Farragut, and David D. Porter. For authority on the subject, see House Document No. 822 of the 77th Congress.

* * *

When the wife of a serviceman has a baby, does the serviceman report it to his superior officer or does the wife report it? I know it must be reported, in order that the man's family allowance can be increased.

Mrs. S. P., Bethlehem, Pa.

Ordinarily, the serviceman should report it to his commanding officer or to his first sergeant. The officer of Dependency Benefits is then notified and the increased allowance is provided. However, if the soldier is overseas it sometimes saves time for the wife to notify the Office of Dependency Benefits directly. The address is 213 Washington Street, Newark, New Jersey.

* * *

Would you tell me where to go to sign up my eight-months-old blue Australian dog for the K-9 Corps? He is a thoroughbred and very smart. Although I would hate to part with him, I believe he could serve his country.

B. E., Wapato, Wash.

Get in touch with Dr. James B. Harrison, Dogs for Defense Regional Director, 2850 N. E. Union Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

We've got an argument for you to settle, Sarge. Is it compulsory to salute a nurse who is commissioned in the armed forces?

Cpl. E. B. A., Culver City, Calif.

It's not only compulsory, bud, it's an honor. She's a commissioned officer and is thus entitled to your salute, the same as any other officer. On top of that, she's a member of one of the most heroic groups of women in the world. Many's the man who owes not only a salute but his life to an Army or Navy nurse.

* * *

The enclosed envelope contains a "thank you" from the Radio Waves stationed at Oxford, Ohio, for the nice compliments about us in a recent issue. The letter is intended for a cadet in Navy Preflight School, St. Mary's College, California, with the initials R. R. S.

Snappy Salute

Would you kindly complete the address on the enclosed envelope and mail it?

F. P., S 2/c
Radio Waves, Oxford, Ohio.

"Enclosed envelope" has been completely addressed, mailed, and away—and with pleasure. For those who don't remember Cadet R. R. S.'s letter, one thing he said was, "When it comes to beauty as between the WACs, Waves, and women Marines, I'll stake my bet on the Waves every time." No wonder he gets thank-you letters!

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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$40.00 READY TO WEAR

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Again Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, has scored a "first" of historic importance. Truly, it is the spearhead of a mighty Crusade... to rehabilitate new thousands of men and women for vital wartime work... to save children from lives of failure and misunderstanding... to bring new happiness to the hard of hearing, their families and friends.

America is entitled to know that Zenith, through this Crusade, has brought about a *revolution* in the cost of good hearing, as evidenced by the tremendous public demand. Zenith has been deluged beyond all anticipation! We are increasing our production daily, but Zenith will never sacrifice quality for quantity. The hard of hearing have waited years for this Crusade. We ask them to be patient a little longer, until Zenith production can supply the demand in all areas of the nation.

Meanwhile, you are invited to attend the demonstration now going on at your local optical establishment franchised by Zenith. Let your ears decide—you will not be pressed to buy. No salesman will call at your home. Send for our free descriptive booklet. The coupon below is for your convenience.

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*

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1 The fine precision quality that modern knowledge and engineering make possible in a hearing aid . . . yet priced at only $40, complete, ready to wear. No extras, no "decoys." One model, one price, one quality. You need not pay more or accept less.

2 Four-Position Tone Control. The flick of your finger instantly adjusts it to right combination of low, medium and high tones for individual needs in varying surroundings, hearing deficiencies in any range. No further adjustments necessary.

3 Special Battery-Saver Circuit. Insures low battery consumption . . . makes batteries last up to three times as long.

4 Zenith Quality, Zenith Guarantee. Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the precision production facilities to supply this quality hearing aid in quantities that make possible its low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan for life.

These and many other advantages combine to make this hearing aid revolutionary—not only in first cost, but in low upkeep cost and excellence of performance.

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THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOTAL WAR ON INTOLERANCE

Continued from Page 19

in the city. I haven't heard one complaint."

On another occasion the personnel head of a Springfield concern wrote to Superintendent Granrud asking him to send his best stenography graduate. The next day he called the school in a huff. "What do you mean by sending me a colored girl?" he asked.

"Why," came the answer, "you asked for the best student we had, so we sent you Beatrice."

Several conferences took place, and the result was that Beatrice was hired. That was a year ago. She is still on the job and her firm has hired several other Negro workers.

"We would employ Negroes, but the white help won't work with them," one business head said frankly while discussing the problem with a senior high-school class.

"Well, when I get a job," replied one boy earnestly, "I won't object to working beside any one—Negro, Jewish, or whatever."

There are countless evidences that the seed for good is being well planted. One girl said sincerely: "After studying about the Negro, I decided I'd like to have one for my very best friend. They have many qualities better than ours."

"All you have to do," said another, "is to notice the workers coming out of the Springfield Armory. All nationalities are represented."

The project places great stress on preparation for good citizenship. At the high-school level, all school activities which do not involve curricular problems are placed in the hands of the student government. Students visit the sessions of the municipal government and study its structure and operation.

The indifference of voters to bad government is a frequent subject of discussion. During one such discussion by a group of high-school students, one remarked with youthful assurance: "Well, you can't do much about these older people. Probably they'll always be indifferent, sloppy citizens. But, after all, they can't live forever, and we'll be different."

The Grade Four children in one school formed a Citizenship Club, to meet every two weeks. A program committee prepares plays about good citizenship at home, at school, and on the street. Another committee writes letters to sick children, and still another takes care of the plants and dusts the room. Under the teacher's supervision they elect their own president, vice-president, and secretary.

"What," asked the teacher, "are necessary qualifications of a good club president?"

Here are the pupils' suggestions:

"He should talk out loud."

"He should talk nicely and not use too many *ands*."

"He should know what to do."

"He should not be afraid."

Thus are democratic procedures learned at first hand.

DESIRABLE attitudes, such as a sense of responsibility, the spirit of co-operation, and standards of judging right and wrong, are developed under this new teaching program.

One club took as its project the improvement of the school grounds. A committee visited every room to remind the children to keep off the grass. One first-grader, a little girl, deliberately jumped on the lawn, and was invited by the sixth-graders to help in sowing the grass seed. Then they told her to look at her little plot of lawn every day to see whether it was growing, and asked her to help keep other children off. They had no more trouble with her.

A minister living near the school complained to the principal that pupils were destroying his newly planted lawn. The pupils themselves formed a committee, went to the minister, promised him their co-operation, and then took up the issue with their classmates. The minister, too, had no more trouble.

And listen to this instance of high responsibility. A principal of one of the elementary schools received a telephone call one morning. George, a young student, explained that he had a sore throat and that his mother wouldn't let him go to school. He had charge of the milk bottles. Would it be all right if Fred took his place in charge of them for the day?

The principal, after expressing his sympathy, said: "Couldn't I do it?"

There was a pause at the other end of the wire, and then the small voice said,

(*Continued on page 72*)

"I merely said, 'That fills the quota. The rest of you may go home.'"

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY" SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can this 2-Way VITAMIN DISCOVERY *RESTORE NATURAL COLOR to Your* GRAY *or* GRAYING HAIR?

New Test So Easy... It's Amazing!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES *double-action* VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, *natural color!* But first let me tell you what the original PANATES *double-action* vitamin method, is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

Panates Is NOT A HAIR DYE

Nothing to Fear . . . No Mess, No Fuss

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feeds your system from within.

If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray hair" vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

When Restored Color Shows, It's Natural Color

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls for Immediate Acceptance

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today, sure.

No Matter What Shade Your Natural Hair Color May Be..Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde . . .

Make This Convincing Test

SEND NO MONEY...

Mail This Special Introductory Coupon Today!

PANATE COMPANY
DEPT. 33-C
310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

Send your new PANATES 2-VITAmins as checked in square o[illegible] I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money-back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

- ☐ One Month's Supply, Special $1.79
- ☐ Three Months' Supply, Special $4.79
- ☐ 100 Day Supply, Special $5.00

HOW TO TEST AT OUR RISK —Read Our Guarantee. Please— Now you can test amazing PANATES [illegible] . . . If not entirely satisfied [illegible] treatment, the empty packages or the remainder of the contents may be returned to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded. Mail [illegible] special trial offer today.

NAME .....

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CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over are now taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received:

FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

What are the amazing new Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins? Whether you order PANATES now or not, check coupon and mail it for a most interesting and valuable booklet. It's yours, free. This booklet tells about the years of experiments and scientific tests that have proved conclusively gray hair can result from lack of certain vitamins. It also tells why the Panates 2-Vitamin method is different from any other anti-gray hair vitamin treatment and includes many more of the scores of testimonials Panates has received from delighted users. Send for your free booklet today.

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES . . . My complexion is much smoother . . . "

Mrs. W. H. S., of Pennsylvania, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . The white hair is much darker than it was . . . My friends have also seen that my hair is much darker . . . "

Mr. C. A. T., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eyebrows and at the hair line . . . The hair at the temples has changed . . . "

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IODENT
TO ERASE Smoke Smudge
Choose
PASTE or POWDER
Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.
IODENT
TOOTH
POWDER
PASTE
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

ELLSBERG, THE INGENIOUS

Continued from Page 23

medical supervision prevented a single case of heat stroke or of tropical disease; yet 25 per cent of the force in hospital was the average—all from prickly heat.

It had always been said that Europeans could not work more than four or five hours a day in Massawa. "We couldn't afford to adopt that habit," says Captain Ellsberg. "The base had to get into operation that summer or it would be of no use at all. So we worked ten hours a day, and sometimes all the way around the clock. We each lost twenty to thirty pounds, but we were a pretty tough gang and we stood it."

Raising a sunken hull with compressed air is a delicate and dangerous operation, but Ellsberg, who used it in salvaging the submarine S51, is a master of the art. After the divers had finished making the ungainly craft airtight, they put air hoses into all eight compartments and started the compressors. The pressure had to be equal in all compartments or the boat might capsize, and if the pressure got too high the air might blow out a wall and all their work would be lost.

"It was like a pipe organ," Ellsberg explained. "You had to play a tune on her." Once the compressors were started, it was a twenty-four-hour job. Men snatched naps when they could. Air leaks kept developing, and whenever the telltale stream of bubbles boiled up, the divers had to go down, day or night, and plug them. The undamaged stern compartment came up first, and soon the hole blown in the next compartment was uncovered. That could now be patched above water, and that compartment gave enough buoyancy to uncover the next hole. Thus they worked from stern to bow, on plates that sometimes registered 165° F.! Native laborers with feet like hoofs, from going barefoot all their lives, couldn't take *this*. They wrapped their feet in rags and kept the rags wet. If a man laid a tool in the sun, he picked it up with a glove and dunked it in the sea before he used it again. Men drank ten quarts of water a day and took a salt tablet with every fourth swig.

When the great dry dock was fully afloat and ready for repairs, Ellsberg's crew, with hollow eyes, sun-blistered backs, and stumbling feet, piled into a launch and went ashore to rest.

British experts had reported it would take hundreds of divers a year to patch the holes in the dock and pump it dry. They were right, too; it would have. But by means of inventive imagination, consummate skill, and unflagging labor to the limit of endurance, thirteen men had completed the "hopeless" salvage job in nine days!

"From that time on," said Ellsberg, "they thought all we had to do was wave a wand over a sunken ship and she'd come bobbing up."

THE raising of the smaller dry dock went not quite so smoothly. The starboard side of the dock had already floated up when a leak showed up. An ironworker named Armstrong volunteered to go down and plug the leak. With him went Larson, an American welder, and Jones, an Englishman. Suddenly the compressors stalled and the craft was out of control. A kind of miniature Normandie disaster took place. In less than a minute the dock had sunk under twelve feet of water. The men scrambled to safety—all but the three who had gone below. A foreman said he had seen a hand waving above the water as the dock submerged.

Ellsberg dived overboard. He reached through the hatch into the flooded compartment and his hands touched something soft. He hooked an arm around it, dragged it out, and came to the surface. It was Armstrong, unconscious. Ellsberg went down the second time and managed to grab Larson. For the third time he plunged down. After some groping, he found Jones and brought him up.

Jones recovered quickly. Larson was revived after two hours of treatment. Ellsberg and the others worked in relays over Armstrong for ten hours, but when midnight came they had to admit defeat. Armstrong was the only man Ellsberg lost at Massawa. It is the one episode of the whole grueling ordeal that he would like to forget.

The repair shops on shore looked like a bombed-out factory. Quantities of machine and hand tools had been ordered in the United States, but their delivery was at the mercy of produc-

"Do you suppose he's getting too many vitamins?"

"Have you ever considered changing to another brand of shoe polish?"

tion bottlenecks as well as Axis submarines. Some fifty American mechanics were also to be sent, but Ellsberg decided he could wait for neither tools nor men. With a handful of mechanics and a rough idea for making something out of nothing, he set to work.

"I felt like Robinson Crusoe on his island," he says. "I heard about a couple of carpenter's handsaws at a place up in the mountains, and made a trip of eighty miles to get them. We sent out search parties to see what they could find inland. They discovered some electric motors and some machinery in abandoned gold mines in the hills. Every time a ship came in we begged or borrowed a chisel or a screw driver."

The Italians hadn't been so clever as they thought themselves. For instance, they had not smashed the same parts on every electric motor. So by taking all the motors to pieces and matching up the undamaged parts, Ellsberg's men were able to reassemble about 25 per cent of the original power plant. In the same way they salvaged unbroken gears and got a few lathes in working order. Then, getting some Arab carpenters to pinch-hit as patternmakers and using some rather primitive foundry methods, they began to make parts to replace the broken ones.

In a little more than two months nearly every machine in the machine shop, the carpenter shop, and the steel-plate shop was in operation. So complete was the job of restoration, indeed, that when the machine tools that had been ordered from America to equip the Massawa base did eventually arrive, they weren't needed there. Not that they were wasted; they were desperately needed at other points in the Middle East.

Ellsberg went to the concentration camps in Eritrea and found about a hundred Italian mechanics who were willing to work. Soon the place was going full blast, with only one American foreman in each shop. Ellsberg kept a close watch for sabotage. The first two parts the shop made were spoiled, but that seemed to have been caused by confusion in converting dimensions from inches to millimeters. An order was posted that blunderers would go back to the concentration camp. There was no more trouble.

As work expanded, hundreds of men of various colors, tongues, and re-

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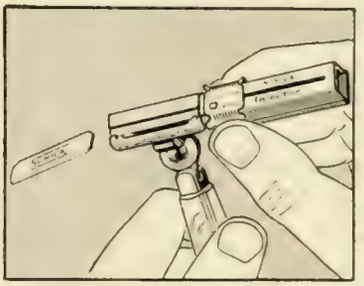
Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features



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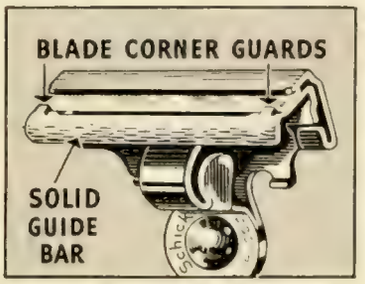

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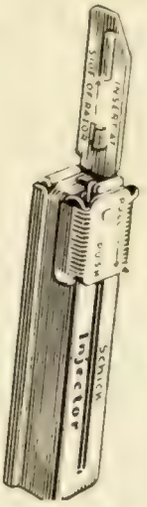
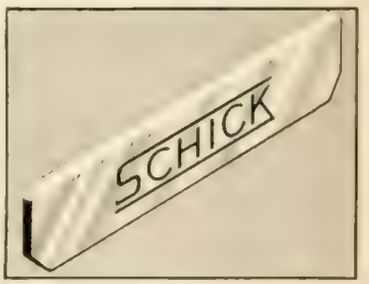


Above: The Schick Injector Cartridge... holding 20 Blades

4



1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

P. S. Spread the good word that these blades are back. And if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, pass it along to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

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ligions were hired. The Italians and the Eritreans loathed each other, and it took Sudanese policemen to prevent slaughter. An Eritrean was arrested for stealing, whereupon all his compatriots threatened to strike. Ellsberg found that they liked to do their own disciplining. The man was released to his own people, who gave him a beating, and the strike was called off. After that there were no arrests—all orders and complaints went to their chief. A Mohammedan crew started to walk out to observe the month-long fast of Ramadan. Persuasion and a supply of the special bread eaten during Ramadan kept them on the job.

A diet clause in Ellsberg's agreement with a Persian group guaranteed them a live goat each week, but under the law they couldn't keep the skin, so after each feast he had to get the hide back and turn it over to the British. Then it developed that the Persians were divided into two sects and wouldn't eat together. That made more trouble. The payroll also included Egyptians, Hindus, Ethiopians, Somalis, Chinese, Maltese, Norwegians, and South Africans, and each group had its own problems.

In early June the salvage tug Intent, smaller than most New York Harbor tugs, had reached Massawa after a sixty-day, 12,000-mile trip from Port Arthur, Texas, around the Cape of Good Hope. Ellsberg put her Captain Edison Brown and his sixteen men to work raising the Liebenfels, an 8,000-ton Nazi freighter which had been blown up and sunk in the south anchorage with huge holes in two forward holds.

THE job was finished on the Fourth of July, and by way of celebration they tied an American flag above her bedraggled swastika and towed her to the naval harbor in triumph. Ellsberg and his men dry-docked her, rolled new plates for her blasted hull in the reconstructed machine shops, and put her shipshape from engine room to cabin. She sailed out of Massawa under her own steam. Rechristened, she is now carrying war supplies under the British flag. She was the first of a string of scuttled ships salvaged.

Naval bases, like cities, are never finished, but Massawa was ready to do its job. In July, about two months from the day when he had begun work without even a monkey wrench, Captain Ellsberg went to Alexandria to confer with Admiral Harwood, commander of the British Mediterranean Fleet. One of his cruisers had returned from action against the Germans with a hole in her stern you could just about walk through.

The Massawa dry dock lacked a hundred feet of the cruiser's length. Ellsberg had another unconventional idea. Since the hole was at the stern, why not just lift that end out of the water and repair her? Jack up the rear end, so to speak?

Harwood thought it over.

"All right, go ahead," he said finally. "But for God's sake, Ellsberg, be careful with that cruiser! She's one quarter of my whole fleet!" He had been outbluffing the Italian Navy all along with four cruisers—one a cripple!

In three days the cruiser had crawled into Massawa, bringing a repair gang from the Alexandria dockyard. The Americans "jacked up" her stern and the British mechanics set to work, day and night, replating the hole. The last two steel plates had to be sharply curved to fit the stern, and the Massawa shops couldn't roll such curvatures.

"Heat them with blowtorches and bend them in place with sledge hammers," said Ellsberg, with his eye on the dock. To the Alexandria mechanics, this was another of those things that "can't be done." Ellsberg grabbed two tough American ironworkers—fighting men who were in chronic trouble with the British M. P.s—and explained the situation. They spit on their hands and set to work, and in three hours had beaten the last plate into place. Harwood got his cruiser back exactly twelve days after he entrusted it to Ellsberg. Another cruiser followed, and a third. Thus three quarters of the eastern Mediterranean battle fleet had been reconditioned in Ellsberg's homemade repair shop.

His job at Massawa done, Captain Ellsberg reported to General Eisenhower at Algiers. He went on with salvage work there until he finally landed in the Algiers hospital. He is now back home.

Some newspapers said his work turned the tide of war in the Mediterranean. He snorts at such "exaggeration." But the Navy thinks he did all right. It has decorated him with the medal of the Legion of Merit.

THE END

"Looks like he's throwing himself on the mercy of the court."

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 30

Color flowed up from Gustafson's neck and into his face and on up to the roots of his blond hair. Johnny realized then what he'd said, and he suddenly became preposterously angry. Reaching across the table, he caught Gustafson by the shirt collar.

"That piece of fluff sells you out every day of her life! Just as she sold out the Quincy and my grandfather. If she didn't peddle Sam Jewell Teakettle, who did?" Johnny let Gustafson go in a revulsion of disgust. "I can't even sock you!"

Gustafson fell into the chair behind the table and dropped his head on his hands. Johnny thought over the set-up carefully. Jewell's pelicans would be covering every one of Gustafson's possible avenues of departure, in case he should make a bolt for Teakettle, and Jewell would be definitely "out of town" if Gustafson were to try to reach him.

"Give the Jewel Box a ring," he said abruptly. "They'll tell you whether Sam's still in town."

Gustafson didn't move for a long moment; then he pulled the phone over and muttered a number into it.

"Mr. Jewell," he said. Johnny caught the click of a voice at the other end of the wire. "Where is he?" Gustafson asked. The voice clicked again, and the receiver fell out of Gustafson's hand with a small crash. "Jewell and Isherwood left town an hour ago," he said, his voice low. Suddenly he flung his head back as if he were meeting a challenge. "We'll go down to Teakettle," he said, "and do that job of work you mentioned. But I'd like to speak to Mrs. Gustafson first." His voice had rung with decision. "Will you wait here?"

Johnny hesitated, then said, "I'll wait."

JOHNNY had just finished a cigarette when Lilah entered, swinging her pleasantly packaged one hundred and eleven pounds of honey and sunshine as if she hadn't harbored a naughty intention in her life. She was carrying a tray with three glasses on it.

"Here's your pussycat, darling—" she began; and then, "Where's Gustaf?" Her surprise seemed genuine.

"What do you mean, where's Gustaf?" Johnny shouted and his stomach sagged at its moorings. "He said he wanted to talk to you. Didn't he talk to you?"

"I didn't see him," Lilah said. "I was in the bedroom—" She began to laugh then, completely candid in her comprehension of what had happened. Johnny grabbed the phone.

"The garage!" he shouted; and then, "This is the Gustafson suite. Has Mr. Gustafson left yet?"

"He left only a minute ago, señor."

Lilah put down the tray, her merriment unabated. "This is priceless!" she cried. "You—and Sam—and Gustaf!"

Johnny wanted to kill her. "Do you know why I'm here?"

"Of course I know!" Lilah had to take a moment to catch her breath. "Sam told me this afternoon over the phone after he'd seen you. And it's worked—your marvelous idea! Gustaf is on his way to wherever it is, because he thought Sam was. Only Sam wasn't. But he is now, because Gustaf is showing him the way!" Lilah became helpless with laughter.

Johnny strode out of the room. He

"Smart dog nothing! I beat him four games out of five!"

was in the hall when he heard her coming after him. She had his hat in her hand. He reached for it, but she put it behind her back, her eyes flecked with laughter.

"What's your hurry, Johnny?" she asked him. "You don't know which way he's gone, and you can't catch up with him now." He didn't reply. Her eyes became thoughtful then, and a conviction that she was adding him up and dividing him by two penetrated the fog of rage and frustration that had clouded Johnny's understanding. She began adroitly, "Was Gustaf aboard the Quincy?"

"Ask him," Johnny said tersely.

She gave a soft little chuckle. "I intend to. But just now I'm being lovely to him—it's Sam's idea. But your idea was better—lots! I can still hardly believe it of Gustaf, though—the Quincy, I mean."

Johnny waited, grim. She continued: "I've been so disappointed in Gustaf, Johnny. He's to get practically nothing from the estate. And he can't stand up against a man like Sam. Where will Gustaf be then? Where will I be?"

"Sam," said Johnny coldly.

"A girl can never be sure of a man like Sam." Lilah studied Johnny, doing sums in mental arithmetic. "Gustaf hasn't any stamina. He's really horribly frightened. I believe we could break him down between us, with the right kind of pressure. You and I together, Johnny."

He wanted to laugh in her face. "Sam, too?"

"No, not Sam," Lilah smiled intimately. "Just us."

"So now you want to sell Sam out to me!"

"I don't trust Sam, Johnny. A girl has to be careful." Lilah had another idea then. "And if Sam should win this time, and didn't keep his promise to me—we might—you and I, Johnny—be able to persuade him to."

"You think of everything, don't you?" Johnny pulled his hat out of her hand and left her.

He walked in a vacuum which cut him off completely from the people around him. He was the Great American Sap. And of all the people he'd ever known, it had to be Gustaf Gustafson who'd exposed him to himself! He sat down in the lobby and smashed open a packet of cigarettes, thinking of his

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grandfather. He wasn't even the shadow of the old gentleman. Thinking of Ann was worse. He'd have to telephone her and tell her. Crossing the lobby, he entered one of the booths in the telephone annex.

When finally Ann's voice reached him, she was full of chatter—wouldn't let him talk. And then she began to tell him excitedly about her little teakettle, which she had lost, then found . . . her little teakettle . . . *teakettle!*

Johnny burst out of the booth, gray-faced and shaking. And I sent her down there! he lashed himself. He couldn't have put into words the misery lodged in his chest. He called the airport. They were sorry, they had nothing available for charter. . . . He considered telephoning the police, but Captain Alvarado's skepticism was still fresh in his memory, and he dismissed the idea. What he wanted was a fast car.

He remembered Lilah. . . . She answered his ring herself.

"Do you have another car?" he asked her brusquely.

"The roadster—Gustaf took the coupé," she replied.

"I'd like to borrow it."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Business," he said, "and I'm in a hurry."

"Do I go too?" He had rather expected that.

"If you like. Phone the garage to have the car ready."

"I do like!" she said. "Give me five minutes."

She made it in seven minutes flat. The roadster was waiting. Johnny sent it roaring up the ramp. The wet wind along the Malecon whipped across their faces.

"Some information, Mr. Angel. Where are we going?"

"Teakettle Island," Johnny said.

FANELLI poked the fire again.

Ann was sitting on the edge of the davenport, acutely aware of unimportant little thngs: the firelight glinting on Miss Drumm's needles, the poker in Fanelli's hand, the way the firelight pushed the shadows about. The poker had three tines, like a trident.

"I asked you what had become of Mr. Flowers," she said.

"Listen," said Fanelli. "You were on the Quincy. You know what can happen to guys that aren't lucky." He set down the trident. "All right—be lucky. Play along with me—I'm always lucky."

A clock was ticking. It began to strike. It seemed hours to Ann, instead of minutes, since she had talked to Johnny. She found herself counting the strokes. On the last stroke, the ninth, Miss Drumm said:

"I wonder what's happened to our dessert, Mr. Flowers."

Fanelli began, "I'll tell Joe—"

Miss Drumm gave a little cry of gladness then, and Blasco entered, carrying a loaded silver tray. She moved aside small articles on the coffee table. "Put it here, Blasco."

Blasco's eyes shied off Fanelli's, touched Miss Drumm's, reached out beseechingly to Ann's.

"Chilled melon!" Miss Drumm exclaimed. "They're lush!" Blasco seemed afraid to go, afraid to stay, and Ann felt the impact of his fear upon her own. "We can get along nicely now, Blasco," Miss Drumm said.

Fanelli spoke softly: "Beat it!"

Blasco went.

MISS DRUMM had begun to pour the coffee. Fanelli handed Ann hers. "Some melon?"

"Save the melon for Mr. Jewell," Ann replied. "I'm sure he loves them. What time do you expect him?"

Fanelli said that he'd called the Jewel Box a couple of hours ago. Sam was out of town, with Isherwood, but Sam'd check back. "I've a hunch they're headed this way already."

"The melon is good," declared Miss Drumm. "How is your cup, my dear?" Ann shook her head. "Yours, Mr. Flowers?" She picked up the coffee pot. Her eyes became thoughtful then, and she put the pot down again. "Only, it isn't Mr. Flowers, is it? I keep forgetting."

"Don't forget again!" said Fanelli ruthlessly.

Miss Drumm filled her own cup instead of his.

"Fill mine!" Fanelli's voice had a brackish sound.

Miss Drumm smiled and began to knit again.

Fanelli's mouth turned ugly, but Miss Drumm continued to knit as if he had ceased to exist. He filled the cup himself and set it down on the mantel.

"Joe!" he shouted. The chauffeur entered from the hall. "Those two punks in the kitchen—lock them up." Joe

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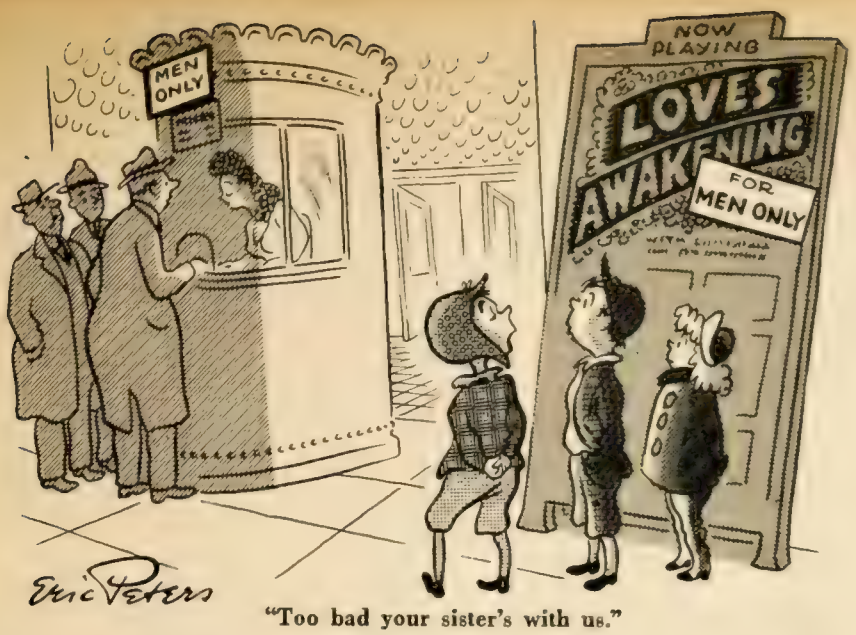
"Just look at her rough, chapped hands!"



"Too bad your sister's with us."

nodded and went out. Fanelli stood, his back to the fire. "All right, you two, let's have it."

Miss Drumm's fingers flew a little faster. "I know why you've come."

"Now we're getting places," said Fanelli.

"You've come to spy on Gustaf. Both of you." She's like a mat, thought Ann. They could beat her and she wouldn't break. "There's something you want that you think Gustaf has. You think it's hidden here. You think perhaps I know where it is." Miss Drumm leaned forward. "How silly! I don't know anything. Gustaf didn't say. But if he had, you could burn me with irons and I wouldn't tell you."

Fanelli didn't like it, Ann could see. His kind could kill a Louis Fouché, but Miss Drumm's queerness was something else. "You," he said to Ann.

"I'll wait for Mr. Jewell," she told him.

The telephone rang then. It was as loud as a gun shot in that wrought-up room. Fanelli swerved toward it.

"Hello." He began to chuckle. "How are you, Sam? . . . Swell! It's here—the bright stuff! . . . Yes! I don't know where yet, but it's here—" Fanelli broke off to listen; and then, "You lost him. . . . Where? . . . Then he must be coming here—"

Fanelli's laughter spread itself about the room as smooth as butter. "This makes me very, very happy, Sam. . . . If he stopped to let you get ahead of him, all you've got to do . . . Sure. And if he's ahead of you, Joe and I . . . Sure, when you and Ish get here. A little pressure, and they'll all talk. . . . O. K., Sam."

Still laughing, Fanelli came over to the hearth, his back to the fire, his hands behind him. So Gustaf's on his way here, thought Ann. And all he had to do was sit tight and keep his mouth shut!

Miss Drumm asked tremulously, "Is Gustaf coming?"

"And how!" Fanelli said.

Miss Drumm couldn't make her hands lie still. "You—you wouldn't hurt him, would you?"

"That's up to Gustaf," he said abruptly, and seemed glad to ease his eyes on Ann. "Our outfit's been covering Gustafson," he said. "He left Havana in a hurry this evening. Sam and Ish followed him. He's headed this way, but they lost him this side of Jovellanos. If the stuff's here—and according to you, it is"—Fanelli thumbed out the note Ann had given to Blasco —"here's his destination." Fanelli shrugged. "This isn't peanuts, kid. Look. I'll put it up to Sam. A nice girl like you—"

"If you would just go away and stay away," said Ann, as if she found the sight of him detestable.

He began to fumble sulkily with a cigarette.

Ann listened to the clock ticking in the hall. More than an hour had passed since Johnny had telephoned. He's that much nearer!

Miss Drumm was leaning back in her chair, drained out and aged, her eyes closed. Only her hands were in any sense alive. They moved incessantly among the woolen stuff on her lap.

Fanelli looked at her uneasily again. Muttering something about a drink, he left the room.

Ann pulled an ottoman up to Miss Drumm's chair, took her wasted hands into her own, and tried to reach her mind. "You mustn't feel so badly. Nothing's happened to Gustaf yet. Perhaps nothing will. He's a grown man now. Years ago he needed you. Now he doesn't. You need him. Dear Miss Drumm, try to understand! Miss Drumm, dear!"

Her eyes opened and looked at Ann without seeing her. "He's such a good little boy," she said quietly. "He's so sweet in his velvet suit. . . ." Her voice became fond. "You didn't want to go in the boat, did you, Gustaf? She didn't love you the way I did, or she wouldn't have made you do things you didn't want to."

Restless, Ann moved about the room. The bookcases attracted her. She took down one of the books at random. A familiar line caught her eyes. "Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more." The clock was striking again. That would be ten. Ann retained the book in her hand while she continued to scan the shelves.

AGAIN the clock was striking. Fanelli came in, a glass in his hand, and sat down on a straight-backed chair near the door.

Miss Drumm spoke again: "Gustaf hates his soldiers. He has cannon and horses, too. The soldiers are pretty. They have yellow tassels on their hats. But Gustaf hates them. So we are going to drown them in the orchard well. Nobody will know." She gave an intimate, whispery laugh.

Fanelli got up abruptly. "Joe!" The chauffeur entered. "Get some coffee

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started. And take this stuff out." Joe stacked the coffee cups and dessert dishes and picked up the tray. "Then go outside and see what gives." Joe departed with the tray, and Fanelli said to Ann, "You'd better put your dough on Sam."

She couldn't tell him that her money was on a Mr. Johnny Angel, whatever the odds might be. Fanelli left the room, and Ann threw a log on the fire. . . . At ten minutes of twelve a car stopped in front of the house. Ann heard Fanelli say, "How are you, Sam?" and "Hello, Ish." They came into the library after him, Sam Jewell and Isherwood, with Gustaf Gustafson between them. They had been to the wars, all right.

ISHERWOOD carried a tommy gun under his right arm. Bits of gravel clung to his clothing and top-heavy forehead. A strip of adhesive tape was strapped to the back of his right hand. But that was an old wound, Ann had reason to know. His slate-colored eyes rested on her impersonally—no, not quite! There was a difference, a petrifying chill that touched her deepest recesses and left them numb with fear. Sam Jewell wore his old trench coat. One sleeve was ripped. His right cheek had been grooved across the bone, but the bleeding had stopped. An ugly bruise, the skin over it broken, disfigured Gustafson's left temple. But it was the devastation within the man, back of his empty eyes, that shocked Ann.

They dropped him into a Gothic-backed chair, one of two that flanked the fireplace. Gustafson lowered his head into his hands. Miss Drumm leaned feebly toward him. Her eyes were wet and her voice had a powdery sound as she whispered:

"They've been whipping you again, haven't they, Gustaf?"

Gustafson didn't move or speak.

"Trouble, Sam?" asked Fanelli.

"Plenty. We ran him into a ditch. He had a gun."

"He's a surprising guy," said Fanelli. "Joe's fixing some coffee."

"Business first," Jewell replied. "It shouldn't take long. Put Joe outside, in case." He threw his trench coat onto the davenport beside Ann, who still had Oliver Twist in her hands. Jewell's grin had lost much of its joviality. "You see what you've got yourself into," he said irritably.

She didn't reply.

He turned abruptly away and placed himself in front of Gustafson. Fanelli and Isherwood did the same, one on either side of Jewell, a phalanx which hid Gustafson completely from Ann. Isherwood's knuckles cracked as he flexed his left hand. Jewell said:

"Give us the business, Gus."

If Gustafson replied, Ann didn't hear him. Isherwood drove forward his left arm. The impact of the blow reverberated in Ann's brain. Isherwood's arm began to move back and forth with measured precision. Once Gustafson got halfway to his feet. Isherwood's murderous left dropped him back again. A moan escaped his lips.

Ann focused her eyes on Oliver Twist. Tears blurred her vision and fell on the page.

Gustafson caved in then. Ann heard him sob:

"I'll tell you—only don't let him hit me again!"

It was possible now for Ann to see what had happened to Gustafson. She turned her head away. Then Jewell said, "All right, Gus, let's have it." He sounded frazzled. "We want to get out of here."

Gustafson related little that Ann didn't know or hadn't surmised. It seemed to be a relief to him to get it off his mind. For Ann, hearing the Quincy part was the worst. And then Gustafson had the Hornet under way. He stopped to rub the moisture out of his eyes, and Sam Jewell said curiously:

"What a crumb you are, Gustafson!"

His contempt roused the other. "Yes, I'm a crumb!" The venom with which Gustafson had spoken made Ann wonder for one breathless minute whether he had anything behind it. "But there was one moment, Jewell, when I wasn't a crumb. And that was when I had your brother Paul in the sights of that machine gun, and my hand was squeezing the trigger. This crumb, Jewell, has only one regret—that Paul wasn't you!"

"Are you ready to go on now?" Jewell asked.

"I'm not going on! Find it out for yourselves—if you can!"

Isherwood hit him again. The rest came fast.

After he had quit the Quincy, Gustafson had put in most of the day familiarizing himself with the Hornet. During his teens, his father had owned a power cruiser. The old gentleman had hammered the rudiments of navigation into him, and they had spent some time in and about Bahia de la Cruz. Gustafson had come in through the West Channel and laid the cruiser alongside the Old Sugar Wharf. The wharf couldn't be seen from either the house or the village. At the end of the wharf was a storage shed. It was full of litter. Gustafson trucked the gold in on a hand truck that had been used for shifting cement, and stacked the boxes in shallow rows along the end wall, and threw the litter he had displaced back over them. He put out about dawn. Off Cayo Ensenada he ran the Hornet onto a coral reef, and had to put in to the mainland in the dinghy. The cruiser sank in twenty minutes. Ashore again, he walked until a farmer gave him a lift to the railroad.

"And the next night, the night the Quincy made port, you came gunning for me at the Jewel Box. Only somebody got in your way." Jewell looked over toward Ann, but his eyes contained nothing but enmity. Ann hoped that when it happened, it would happen quickly, and that Johnny Angel would miss her terribly. "Have you started negotiations yet?" Jewell asked Gustafson. The latter moved his head slightly. "Who were you going to?"

"Zimmermann and Voss," said Gustafson very low.

Jewell had seated himself on the ottoman. He looked up at Fanelli and Isherwood. Silence gathered within the triangulated area bounded by the leveled glances of the three men. Its chill permeated the room. Isherwood's head moved almost imperceptibly, and Fanelli's thin face lengthened a little, as if this was something he didn't like but couldn't help. Ann caught the drift of their thought, and was devastated by it. She had nothing left to cling to! Nothing! And then she began to whisper to herself, "He is coming! He is! I refuse to believe that he isn't!" It was like a hand reaching out to her from the dark.

JEWELL got up, swinging his shoulders. "We'll need a boat," he said. "There ought to be something round here. And now let's get out of here." He shrugged on his trench coat. "There was a time when we might have made a deal," he said to Ann. "We can't now. We're going down to that wharf. Gus and you and the old girl, too. You'll all be there, then, if he's told us a phony. Get up and get going."

Ann interlocked her hands tightly over one knee. She knew that she had just heard a death sentence pronounced. And that there wasn't one single thing she could do about it. When she spoke, the quietness of her voice surprised her. "Mr. Fanelli mentioned coffee. I'd love some coffee first, Mr. Jewell."

"Joe's fixing the coffee now, Sam," Fanelli said.

"Didn't I tell you to leave that lug outside!"

"Take it easy, Sam," said Fanelli. "We're doing all right. The coffee's ready. I can smell it." He left the room.

Jewell lighted a cigar with unsteady fingers, then plucked it out of his mouth as if it stank, hurled it into

(*Continued on page 64*)

HARDTACK

"Of course she's under five! I wouldn't go with her if she wasn't!

"Don't jump at conclusions!"—says HI to HATT

You hear a wartime rumor an' you tell some trusted guy..
He hands it to the Axis, 'cause he really is a spy!
HI
HATT
LOOK BEFORE YOU PEEP!
You're divin' into trouble
when you gossip or "talk shop,"
An' what we say goes double
if you know a guy "up top"! . . .
The platform what we stand on
is Silence, 'cause loose lips
Can sabotage what's planned on
by blabbin' out hot tips!
(Signed) MR. HI AND MR. HATT
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THE HOME FRONT

"Go get an island of your own!"

(*Continued from page 62*)

the fire. The ticking of the clock in the hall fell like hammer blows. Miss Drumm spoke again, her voice surprisingly high and clear:

"Have you told them, Gustaf?" She was sitting erect, staring at him. He made no response. "Oh, you have!" she cried reproachfully.

Fanelli sang out merrily then, "Here's the coffee, Sam!"

Jewell looked toward the door. Ann looked too, and that was the worst moment yet. The coffee was there, all right. Its fragrance preceded it into the room. The silver pot stood on the silver tray, with sugar bowl and creamer and cups and saucers, and a plate covered with a napkin that could only be sandwiches.

BUT Joe wasn't carrying the tray. Johnny Angel was carrying it, Fanelli's gun at his back.

Jewell's joviality came back as bright as a harvest moon. Isherwood also was affected. He had scooped up the tommy gun, and his laughter was entirely silent. A pink flush that wasn't laughter stained Gustafson's battered flesh.

Sam Jewell sank down onto the ottoman. "As I live and breathe, it's Mr. Angel bringing me my coffee!"

"I'm not even speaking to myself," Johnny said.

Ann hoped that he wouldn't speak to her either, just yet.

"I went into the pantry," Fanelli's diminishing merriment permitted him to explain. "I said, 'Joe, where's that coffee?' And there was Joe on the kitchen floor tied up with a couple of tablecloths. And then I saw chum here over by the window pouring himself a coffee. He had Joe's gun. I said, 'Drop it, pal.' He thought it over, then turned round, and I said, 'Why, it's that Mr. Angel again!' And he said, 'I was just going to bring in the coffee, Mr. Fanelli.' And I said, 'That's swell, Mr. Angel. Sam'll love it. Pick up the tray, pal, and start moving.' Sam," Fanelli said, "this is *sweet*—the both of 'em!"

"And how many more outside?" said Jewell, grim again. "Did you cut Joe loose?"

"With this on my hands!" Fanelli said. "Anyhow, Joe's out cold. What's griping you, Sam?"

"I want to get out of here. Have you got his gun?" Fanelli hadn't. "Get it!"

"Now what would I be doing with a gun among friends?" Johnny asked, as Fanelli slapped his pockets, armpits, and waistband. "Will you have your coffee now, Mr. Jewell?" Johnny wanted to know.

"Put it down," said Jewell suspiciously.

Johnny set the tray down on a console table near the door, and seated himself on the chair beside it. "Hello, Mr. Gustafson," he said. "The boys been working you over?" Gustafson didn't reply. "How was it?" Johnny asked Jewell.

"It was all right," Jewell said.

Johnny looked at Ann then, and she was glad now that he did. His eyes are gentler than I've ever seen them. And they aren't afraid or ashamed, and I wonder why. Whether it made sense or not, Johnny sitting there made all the difference. "Hello, Miss Wingate," he said politely.

"Hello, Mr. Angel," she trusted herself to say.

"Suppose we drop the chitchat," said Jewell unpleasantly. "Are you alone?"

Johnny looked surprised. "Who'd want to string along with a careless punk like me?"

"I think you're lying," Jewell stated flatly.

"Mr. Fanelli or Mr. Isherwood could go outside and look," Johnny suggested. Isherwood had taken the chair to the left of the fireplace. It corresponded to the one occupied by Gustafson on the right. His tommy gun lay across his knees. "And he can put his corn popper away. I'm harmless."

"You walk in here without a gun. I don't get it."

"I had to leave in a hurry," Johnny explained. "It's like this: The young lady on the davenport is down here on my recommendation. I thought I was getting her out of something. That's the kind of a half-sole I am! So I'm going to drive her back to Havana and ship her back to her Grandaunt Annabel, charges prepaid. And I think I'll take Miss Drumm along, too."

"Without argument?"

"Not exactly without argument," Johnny replied. "Mrs. Gustafson would be the argument."

Gustafson's battered head came up, but he didn't speak. And for a long moment Sam Jewell didn't either. "What was that about Mrs. Gustafson?"

"Well, the maroon roadster is here."

"Whose maroon roadster?" Jewell shouted.

"Mrs. Gustafson's," Johnny said. "It's at the lower end of the drive, off in the trees. I thought I'd better leave it there and do some reconnoitering. We left Havana in the roadster—Mrs. Gustafson and I. If you like, you can phone the Consul-General. They'll tell you whom I left with."

JEWELL'S face became congested. "Where is she?"

"That's my argument," said Johnny ingenuously.

"That taxicab friend of yours?"

Johnny smiled blandly. "Celestial's a good citizen. The argument is that unless Ann and Miss Drumm and I walk out of here with our health intact, Mrs. Gustafson will have some conversation with the American consulate. Don't look at me that way, Sam. It's bad for your blood pressure."

Gustafson spoke then: "Is she all right, Angel?"

"She's all right, Mr. Gustafson," Johnny told him; and he added, "You could have stood up and been a hero."

Jewell didn't get up from the ottoman. He just sat there. The congestion in his face began to subside then. He rubbed his lips meditatively, and there was something in the gesture that shattered Ann with the conviction that Johnny had lost.

Jewell lifted his eyes to Fanelli and Isherwood. The latter was running his fingers gently along the barrel of his tommy gun. Fanelli's eyelids flickered nervously at Jewell. He gave a little nod then, and so did Isherwood, and that was all.

"I guess not, Angel," Jewell said. "It's like this. A natural like the Quincy comes along about once in a hundred years. Then something goes wrong. Gus over there. The Camellia Lady on the davenport. Yourself, Angel." Jewell shook his head almost wistfully. "Suddenly the works are full of gremlins. And you can't fix all of them. And you can't quit, either. So you keep moving. Is that clear, Angel?"

"Very clear, Jewell."

Jewell continued, "You and the girls and Gus walk out of here, but we walk out with you. Ish, Fanelli, and Joe and I are going to look for a boat. If you have friends out there and they start pitching lead, you, Angel, the girls, and Gus will catch it for us. If there's no one out there—but let's live a minute at a time."

Johnny got up. "Sure," he said, "a minute at a time. But first we'll have our coffee and sandwiches." He became busy at the table. "The sandwiches are lettuce and lamb, Mr. Jewell, and *very* nice."

"We'll skip that!" said Jewell harshly.

"Not me!" Fanelli said. He sounded half shot, as if finding Johnny in the kitchen hadn't been quite the fun he had pretended it was. "I need some coffee."

Johnny pushed a cup and saucer into Jewell's angry hands, turned, and picked up the sandwiches. As he did so, a woman's heels began to beat a furious tattoo somewhere in the rear of the house.

"Sam!" It was Lilah's voice, lifted in fear and fury. "Sam, where are you? Sam! Sam! Sam!"

Johnny's left hand hung motionless over the plate, and everything else in the room became motionless too.

Then Lilah yelled again, and Sam shouted her name, and the tension snapped like a taut cable cut with an ax. Johnny whipped aside the napkin that covered the sandwiches. His grandfather's pearl-handled Smith & Wesson looked cozy among the lettuce and lamb, but not for long.

The floor shattered Sam Jewell's cup and saucer. Jewell jammed his hand into his jacket pocket. Isherwood swung up the tommy gun. You could see that he was good with it; but Fanelli, stepping backward from the tray, plucking at the gun under his arm, put himself for a second between Johnny and Isherwood. Gustafson had reached his feet, and Ann threw Oliver Twist. Johnny's first shot drilled Isherwood through the right wrist, his second blew the middle knuckles off his left hand, and you knew that he'd never crack them again. Oliver Twist struck Fanelli in the face just in time to spoil his shooting. Johnny climbed aboard him then and bashed him twice across the temple with the barrel of his grandfather's gun. Fanelli fell into the hearth. The tommy gun had slid from Isherwood's knees. His hands hung useless at his sides.

Gustafson had come up with the poker in his hand. It cut a tremendous arc at ferocious speed just as Jewell's gun cleared his pocket. The trident struck Jewell in the throat, bursting the jugular. The impetus of the blow swept him backward, the thing hanging from his throat like a monstrous

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

$1,000,000 was the price offered in May, 1940, by Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute, for the delivery to a League of Nations courtroom of "Adolf Hitler alive." This offer is no longer effective, due to the recent death of Mr. Church.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

fishhook. He crashed against the window, and the weight of his falling body brought down the drapes and the heavy wrought-iron rod that supported them. The drapes settled over him.

Because she had to put her eyes elsewhere, Ann looked toward the door, and saw Lilah standing there with a smudge on her nose and a lump under her chin.

Ann heard Johnny say:

"I had to clip her to keep her quiet. I laid her out in the conservatory."

A terrified wonder stared out of Lilah's eyes. Then she began to take in the significance of Gustaf Gustafson looking down in bewilderment at his empty hands, and Ann saw what was to impress her always as the most memorable rebound she had ever seen. Lilah took a deliberately timid step forward, then ran toward Gustaf.

"Oh, Gustaf!" her voice wept, and she touched his broken flesh with her fingers. "What have they done to you, darling?"

He seemed baffled. He pronounced her name. "Why, Lilah!"

Ann thought incredulously, She's done it again!

The next instant Gustaf had taken Lilah into his arms.

Miss Drumm spoke then: "Gustaf, I've dropped my ball of wool." Ann saw it leave her fingers and roll toward Gustafson and stop at his feet.

Miss Drumm's voice rang out authoritatively. "Bring it to me, Gustaf, please!"

Ann thought for a moment that he wasn't going to do it; then he disengaged himself from Lilah's clinging arms, picked up the ball of wool, and walked toward Miss Drumm, winding the unwound wool onto the ball as he did so. He held the ball out to her, but she didn't take it. She was peering up at him queerly, her right hand lifting her reticule and pressing whatever solid object it contained against his body. Ann remembered—and came to her feet with a scream as Miss Drumm fired . . . and fired again.

Shock and stupefaction swept across Gustaf Gustafson's battered face, only to fade out completely as he fell awkwardly at Miss Drumm's feet. The ball of wool rolled away from his hand. When Miss Drumm spoke again, her voice was strong and vibrant:

"They can't hurt him any more now. And neither can she."

IT wasn't until after the Quincy gold had been located under the litter at the end of the Old Sugar Wharf that Captain Alvarado chose to expound his views to Ann and Johnny on what had recently happened.

"I am a practical man, Mr. Angel, and it has been my experience that on the whole everything happens for the best. If a man dies—that is sad. He might have been troublesome had he lived. Mr. Jewell now. And Mr. Gustafson. What a happy solution! How fortunate for them, and for Cuba!" Captain Alvarado coughed. "I congratulate you, Mr. Angel, on your resourcefulness. Miss Wingate, I commend him to you."

"Oh, he has some wonderful ideas," Ann admitted.

"As for the gold," Captain Alvarado said, "my government will impound it until the French political situation has clarified itself. But the French are a wonderful people. I cannot believe that they won't wish to make some tangible recognition of the intuition and courage which brought about its recovery." They had reached the house. Captain Alvarado put on a waggish expression. "I have duties now," he said, "and I commend you to the moon, señorita." He shook Johnny by the hand.

Johnny and Ann discovered a bluff that faced the bay. Johnny's voice was unsteady when he finally spoke.

"What was it that my grandfather said to you when you told him who you were that night in Dakar?"

"'Your Grandaunt Annabel should have married me,'" Ann replied gently.

"What else did he say?"

"He said that he'd have got her as fine a ship as ever made the Atlantic crossing."

"That was what I meant," Johnny muttered. Then he said slowly, "I haven't a fine ship, Ann—and I only *think* they'll give me the Quincy—and times are tough for a sailor—" He found Ann's eyes bright with tears.

"The Quincy's a fine ship, Johnny," she said. "A beautiful ship! And the times aren't as tough as they seem—they never are. But they're short—and getting shorter—if you're going to sea on a ship. Johnny darling, don't be a fool. The Angels and the Wingates have taken time enough getting together as it is!"

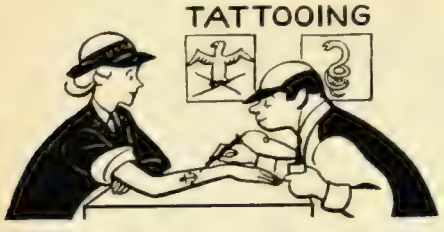
The man in the moon pulled a cloud up over his nose and went to sleep. He was still asleep when Ann remembered she still had a story to write.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: The Packard Motor plant in Detroit sought to make women war workers stop taking five minutes off before lunch and again at the end of the shift to powder their noses. The company contended that the feminine urge to pretty-up meant the women were paid for fifty-five minutes of work each week which they did not do, whereas the men worked their full stretch, complete with shiny noses. The Regional War Labor Board sided with beauty, and ruled that the 7,000 women could prink without loss of pay. . . . A novel sort of beauty parlor is run by Jake



Kasper on South State Street, Chicago. An expert tattooer, he has been doing jobs on girl sailors, in addition to his usual male clients. He reports accommodating "about one girl daily in uniform, wanting an anchor here or a flag there—all very routine stuff." He reduces his fee for those in uniform, but finds greater artistic satisfaction in such jobs as the one he did on a burlesque actress, who wanted her appendicitis scar disguised with a Christmas tree.

STATES OF MIND: We who are lucky enough to be here in the U. S. A. take the States pretty much for granted. Well fed and well clothed, we still have the crust to gripe about brown stamps and green stamps. What we civilians all need to make us appreciate the lap on which we sit is a sojourn in a foreign land. A young friend in the service "somewhere in the South Pacific" writes, "I would give anything if I could be in one of the states—I wouldn't care which one." Has a more moving ode ever been written on *amor patriae*? It's pretty hot stuff, this country of ours, well worth fighting for in G. Washington's time, and now. The United States, with only 6 per cent of the world's acreage, harvests more than half of the world's foodstuffs. Of the 24,000,000 bathtubs in the world, 21,600,000 are in the United States. With less than 7 per cent of the world's population, the United States has created about half the world's wealth. The United States spends more annually for education than all the other countries of the world combined. No wonder our men want to fight for their country. They've got something to be proud of, something to come back to, and may that day come soon, when they'll all be back, each in his favorite state.

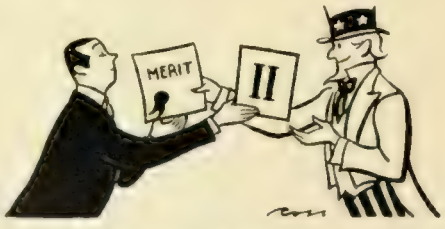
CRUSADER: I have elected myself president of a large and inflammable group of mothers eager to bite the hand of each manufacturer of children's stuffed animals who uses pins for eyes, or sharp pointed buttons, easily removable by baby's goblin fingers.

DOUBLE-BARRELED INVESTMENT AT THE RED CROSS BLOOD BANK

I haven't had such high-grade fun
Since I produced a baby son.
It's thrilling to create a life—
To save one in this world of strife
Assures the donor's heart a lift . . .
She gives—and gets—a priceless gift.

NATION-WIDE NET WORK: Mme. Lilly Daché, glamorous designer of glamorous hats, has devised an ingenious new hair net, now on sale in New York, and soon to be available all over the country. The new development consists of *colored, visible* hair nets, designed to glow as an aura over long or short hair, with or without hats, flowers, bows, or fine feathers. Cleverly shaped and easy to adjust on upsweeps, bobs, pompadours, and rolled-up coiffures, they come in two weights and in five colors, plus natural hair tones. Mme. Daché believes that the nets will "go to bomber factories and to balls."

AGE CANNOT WITHER . . . EXTREME CASES: Ben J. Waller, a Negro of Tallahassee, Florida, claims to be 113 years old. County Judge Ben A. Meginniss recently officiated at the wedding of Mr. Waller to his second wife, Icey Ida Bride, fifty-two. . . . Thirty-six-year-old WAC Pat H. Kinchen of Houston, Texas, believes she is the youngest grandmother in the Women's Army Corps. She has achieved two grandchildren besides becoming technician, Fourth Grade, and is now stationed at the Seattle port of embarkation.



DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL CONFUSION: Michael J. Ward, school committeeman in Boston, Massachusetts, insists that many sixth-grade children believe the United States has had only one President. Guess who. During a school committee discussion Mr. Ward pleaded wistfully that elementary teachers instruct pupils that Chief Executives other than Franklin D. have occupied the White House. . . . Mr. Leonard Baron, OPA investigator for regional enforcement in New York, received a merit diploma for "initiative and ingenuity in a direct contribution to the vital work of a war agency." He suggested the Roman II be substituted for the Arabic 2 on regional price regulations.

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

Continued from Page 15

asked. "He drove this way a few minutes ago."

"He passed," I said. "He didn't notice my thumb."

She laughed in a soft way. "He'd just been bopped on the nose in Twin Buttes. The nose was all swollen and bleeding."

"What happened?" I asked. "An accident?"

"Oh, no. Old Dan Carmichael punched him. They say it was a regular haymaker. We missed it, Peggy and I."

I sat up in a hurry, staring. Ellie's father was a quiet man who'd lived a peaceful life for over fifty years. I'd never heard of his hitting anybody before. That he should begin by punching a man like Ducane just didn't seem possible.

"What brought on a thing like that?" I asked, still staring.

"I don't know yet. I'll ask dad when I get home."

"You see, it happened right in the street," Peggy Allenwood said, blinking excited eyes at me. "We couldn't embarrass him by asking him in front of everybody. There were simply *crowds* of people around."

Lila said, "Besides, we were too busy nursing his nose, and he was cussing too hard to answer questions. Too bad a couple of valley neighbors had to get into a fight."

That was funny. As if Will Ducane was a valley man. He'd made his money out of copper mines, and now he was probably making more than ever, but it had nothing to do with his living here. His heart wasn't with us valley people. He belonged to Nob Hill in San Francisco even when he was in Twin Buttes.

THREE years ago, the time he'd bought himself twenty thousand acres from Pop Anderson, we wondered what he planned to do with the land. That was the whole of Sundown Valley except for the Carmichael spread, which was part badlands, and our own small ranch, which ma wouldn't sell. He didn't seem set to run big herds of cattle or to grow large crops of anything. Pretty soon we found out he'd bought it so he could have a summer home.

And what a home! Where the old Anderson corral had been, he built a tennis court. Next to the old Anderson well he put in a big concrete basin and electric pumps and striped umbrellas, and the first thing anybody knew, Sundown Valley had a swimming pool. The boys in town used to sing:

"Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
And a swimmin' pool shines in the sun. . . ."

Not that we were ever asked over to see it. I guess plain Nevada folks like us didn't belong around a swimming pool. Ducane's friends were the people he brought out from Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Washington.

"By the way," Lila asked, "how long is your furlough?"

I said, "I'm home for good."

She gave me a quick look. "Discharged?"

I wished she wouldn't ask questions. As far as I'd heard, the news that I'd been shot out of the war hadn't made them ring bells in Tokyo or Berlin, so I didn't want to go on talking about it here. I just nodded.

"It must have been pretty bad," she said, "running into that machine gun."

"It was a lucky break," I said. "It got me out of New Guinea before I could catch malaria."

We rode over the rim of the valley, and as we started down the long hill I caught my breath. I bent forward. Maybe the girls knew how I felt just then. Maybe they could hear my heart bang. They didn't say anything. They just let me stare. And for a while I even stopped wondering why Dan Carmichael had punched Will Ducane.

There it was. Sundown Valley. The big green oval with the badlands all around. Our house and barns lay over to the right, gray as a battleship. They needed paint more than ever; Uncle Hoke just hadn't got around to it yet. A few miles beyond, on the top of a low hill, was the white Carmichael place where I'd go before dark to take Ellie into my arms.

We passed a man on a horse, and the girls waved to him. I waved, too, recognizing young Tod Deever from over on the other side of Twin Buttes. Tod started to lift his arm. But when he saw me, the arm stopped. A queer look came over his face, half surprised, half scared. Maybe he thought he was seeing a ghost. I chuckled and waved to him again.

Lila Ducane swung into the side road that led to our house. As we got near the place I could feel the excitement rise up in me. I sat straight, watching the kitchen door. Ma would come out when she heard the car.

"I hope you'll ride over to see us," Lila said.

"Why, sure." I hardly heard her. I was waiting for ma.

"Soon?"

"Why, sure."

Then I saw ma come out of the door, wiping her hands on her apron, and I didn't want to talk any more. I felt all choked up, because even the old brown dress and the hair that had turned gray couldn't stop ma from looking wonderful. I jumped out of the car and ran to her. She couldn't talk any more than I could. Maybe her eyes were as blurred as mine. I hugged her tight against myself and laid my cheek against her hair, and for a while the world didn't count at all.

AFTER the yellow car drove off I couldn't think of anything right to say. Ma hung on to me and even cried while she smiled, and then she wiped her eyes with a corner of the apron and looked me over from head to foot. "Oh, Jeff, Jeff," she said, "you're so *thin!*"

"Only for a little while," I said.

"Why didn't you *tell* me you were coming?"

"Figured it would be more fun to walk in like this." I grinned and squeezed her arms. Then I sniffed the sweet pie smell that was floating out of the kitchen. "Gosh, that's good! Ma, I been pining for one of your meals ever since I left the hospital!"

"Oh, I'll fix you everything, Jeff—everything you ever wanted!"

We were walking toward the door, and I had my arm around her shoulders, and some of ma's chickens were clucking after us. I felt like a king. I felt like singing—and maybe crying a little, too. Then I thought of Ellie again. I asked if it would be all right to bring her over for supper, so we could all sit together and talk.

"Ellie?" Ma's face changed. Some of the happiness went out of it and she looked disappointed. "Do you have to go for Ellie now, Jeff? So—soon?"

I laughed and gave her shoulders a hug. It was the first time I'd ever seen ma jealous of Ellie, wanting me for herself. "Guess I could wait and talk to you a while first, Mrs. Conley," I said. "Say a half hour or so."

"Ellie ain't likely to be home, anyhow. Not on a Saturday afternoon."

"I'll take my chances."

Then I remembered how Ellie's pa had punched Will Ducane's nose. It made me chuckle. When I told ma about it, she stopped and stared at me as if I'd said Dan Carmichael had blown up the whole town of Twin Buttes. She just couldn't believe it.

"Ducane's own daughter told you that?"

"Yep."

Ma looked across the valley to where the yellow car was stirring up a long cloud of dust. Her lips set tight. Her eyes narrowed into a squint.

"It's mighty hard to picture Dan doing a thing like that," she said. "But if he did hit Ducane, then Ducane brought it on himself. He's got nobody to blame. He's been pesterin' Dan Carmichael for months and months."

"What for?"

"Tryin' to get hold of Dan's land."

That stumped me. It didn't sound reasonable. "What in thunder does Ducane want with more land?" I asked. "He's got twenty thousand acres now that he's hardly using!"

"I don't know, Jeff. He offered to buy our land, too, only I told him it wasn't for sale at any price. Guess he hankers to own all of this valley, as far as he can see. Some men are built that way They just got to be boss—boss of everything."

"How's Ducane been pestering Dan Carmichael?"

But ma turned to the door and pulled me with her. There wasn't any sense talking about that now, she said; we'd have plenty of time. First off, she wanted to sit me down some place and have a good long look at me.

So I grinned, letting her have her way.

The parlor looked as if I'd walked out of it only yesterday. It was a fine feeling to see everything in its usual place. Even my clay pipes were in the same old jar on the same old shelf, with my grandfather's peace pipe—the one he'd got from the Indians around Tonopah—still lying next to them.

While I looked around, ma kept staring at me with a sort of pain in her eyes, but it was a queer kind of pain, all mixed up with joy. "Jeffy," she said—"Jeffy, there's so many things I want to ask. I don't even know where to begin!"

"You wait till I fetch Ellie over." I said. "Then I'll tell you both everything."

Again that hurt look came into ma's face. "I—I don't know if you could ride over for her," she said. "The flivver's got a flat tire that needs pumping up before you could run it."

That bothered me. I knew I couldn't walk three miles on my shaky legs. And bending up and down over a tire pump was something I shouldn't be doing. Too many sore spots in my insides hadn't healed well enough to take such a strain. The doctor had said I'd better not let myself get shaken up by a horse, either—not for a while.

"WHERE'S Uncle Hoke?" I asked.

Ma sighed. "In the barn. Same as usual."

"How long's he been drunk?"

"He bought the jug yesterday morning."

"Well," I said, "he's pretty near ready to come to, then. I'll go wake him by and by. He'll pump the tire."

I sat down at the kitchen table, and while ma fixed me some coffee and pie—just to keep me going till supper, she said—I told her about my discharge and how I'd have to take it easy for a spell. She kept her back turned toward me as she fussed over the stove. I had an idea she didn't want me to see the tears.

But all of a sudden she couldn't hold back any more. She forgot the coffee and came across the room, half running, to where I sat. She hugged my head against herself till I pretty near smothered.

"Oh, Jeffy, Jeffy!" she said.

"Now, ma—"

"I was so scared!"

"Nothing to be scared about now."

"But I *was* scared—and proud, too!"

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I got up, kind of awkward, figuring I'd better let her be alone a minute so she could get hold of herself. This wasn't like ma at all. Her face was wet.

"Are the—the wounds still bad, Jeffy?"

"No, they're healing fine. Now you get the coffee ready," I said. "I'll go wake Uncle Hoke."

"Jeffy—wait—"

She hadn't called me Jeffy since I was a kid. It made me feel queer.

"You sure you ought to go see Ellie now?" she asked. I couldn't understand why she was so unhappy about it. "Maybe—maybe you ought to wait till you're rested. Say tomorrow—"

"No, ma, I got to go today."

I WENT out to the well and drew half a bucket of water, not trusting my muscles to carry more than that to the barn. It turned out to be heavy enough. The weight of it made me bite into my lip.

Inside the open barn doors the flivver stood on a flat tire. I carried the bucket past it to the old stall in the back, which was Uncle Hoke's favorite drinking spot.

He lay snoring on a bed of alfalfa. His gray beard was all tangled, and his clothes were dirty, with a long tear across the knee of the overalls. His right hand still clung to the jug, though it was tilted over and empty. There was a grin on his face. Drunk or sober, asleep or awake, Uncle Hoke always seemed happy.

I spoke his name and brushed a fly off his nose and shook his shoulder. He just rolled over, groaning. You couldn't wake Uncle Hoke like that after one of his whisky nights. Even when I was a kid, before pa died, they used to give me a bucket of water Sunday mornings and tell me to go get Uncle Hoke out of the barn. It was like one of the chores. You always did it the same way, and nobody paid much attention to it. Even pa, who was the preacher in Twin Buttes, was used to Uncle Hoke's drunks. So now I went back to my old chore.

I held out the bucket and let the water splash down over his face.

Uncle Hoke got up spluttering and shaking the water out of his beard. Before he opened his eyes he must have thought it was ma dousing him.

"All right, Amy, all right," he said. "Gosha'mighty, you don't have to drown a man! I'm up."

I said, "Hi-ya, Uncle Hoke."

He quit rubbing his face. He blinked at me. Once he looked at the jug to see if it was playing tricks with his eyesight. Then he stared up again and said, *"Jeff!"* in a voice that sounded like a saw cutting wood.

It took about five minutes for Uncle Hoke to get over his surprise. During all that time he kept pumping my hand and feeling my arms to see if I was real, and his bleary eyes were wide with pleasure. Folks might say he was the laziest drunk in the county, but I'd always felt that down underneath, Uncle Hoke was all right. He was a chunky man, about the same height as ma; and you could guess from his gray eyes and the way he could smile that he was her brother. He wanted to know when I'd got home, and when I said maybe ten minutes ago, he cussed me loud and plenty for waiting this long to wake him.

Finally I got him over to the flivver and asked him if he'd fix up the tire so I could go see Ellie Carmichael.

"Ellie?" he said. He frowned and scratched in his beard. "What in blazes you want to see Ellie for?"

"A man's got to see his girl, Uncle Hoke."

"Hell," he said, "Ellie ain't your girl."

"Now look, Uncle Hoke—"

"Not no more she ain't."

"If you'll just be a good feller and fix up that tire—"

"Ain't your ma told you about her?"

The way he talked sent a funny little scare through me. I quit grinning. It came to me that ma had been acting in a peculiar way about Ellie, too. My voice got sharp. "Ain't ma told me what?"

"Why, Ellie's keepin' company with Tod Deever, that's what. Everybody knows it. No sense my fixin' up this tire now."

It was like being kicked in the face by a mule. It was like having all the thoughts and the feelings knocked out of you. Later, when I went back to the kitchen, with Uncle Hoke trailing me, ma must have seen how I felt. I couldn't help its showing. She turned to Uncle Hoke as if he'd spilled whisky over her best furniture. She wasn't angry—just full of pain.

"You went and told him!" she said.

"Sure. He might as well know right off as go on kidding himself," Uncle Hoke answered, sitting down at the table. He put both hands into his tangled gray hair and scratched his head. "Let's have some of that coffee, Amy. Black."

"Oh, Hoke, you're a fool!" Ma groaned the words. She was looking at me. "His first hour home! You could've given him at least an hour's peace, couldn't you?"

"Now, Amy," Uncle Hoke asked, "what's the use lettin' a man climb to the top of a ladder when you know damn well the top rung's busted an' he's bound to fall? Come on, pass out that coffee. Ellie Carmichael ain't the only girl in Nevada."

I sat down as if I weighed a ton. My whole body felt hot and clammy. When I talked, my voice sounded wrong—husky and unsteady, the way it had sounded the time I got my first pint of plasma.

"I can't believe it," I said. "I just can't believe it."

"WHAT'S to stop her keepin' comp'ny?" Uncle Hoke argued. "She's a likely-lookin' woman. Got good curves to her, too."

"Hoke, shut *up!*" ma said. "You're still drunk!"

"No, I ain't, more's the pity."

They kept talking, but I didn't listen any more, because I was thinking of all the letters Ellie had sent me without even so much as mentioning Tod Deever; and I remembered all the sweet words she'd set down, and I thought of how she'd kissed me before I went away. And all of a sudden the things Uncle Hoke and ma were saying sounded crazy. I got up so fast I rattled the table. There was sweat on my face and I was still hoarse.

"I'm going over to Ellie's," I said.

I went out the door sort of blind. Maybe I'd have walked all the way to the Carmichael place like that. Only, Uncle Hoke came out after me, saying something about folks never believin' fire would burn till they'd shoved their own hands into it, and if I was plumb set on goin', why, all right, he'd fix up that tire.

So I stood in the barn door, thinking, while he squatted next to the flivver.

Ma tried to talk to me gentle-like, but I hardly heard her. I remembered how surprised and scared Tod Deever had been when he'd seen me in the Ducane car, and that look of his had a different meaning now. Tod knew I'd been going steady with Ellie before the war. There wasn't a soul around Twin Buttes who didn't know it. We'd been going steady as long as I could think back. *That's* why he'd been scared, seeing me.

WHEN the tire was fixed, I backed the flivver out of the barn and headed up the road toward the Carmichael place. It was almost sundown. The land around me lay autumn brown where the alfalfa had been cut. The faraway buttes were purple, and the mountains rolled on the horizon like great storm clouds.

I passed some of Dan Carmichael's cows grazing where the bunch grass grew thick. When I turned into the road that led up the hill to the white house, everything inside me pounded. My mouth felt dry. The farther I went, the worse it became.

Then I saw a saddled buckskin pony tied to the corral fence. It jarred me hard, because that was the horse Tod Deever had been riding when the Ducane car passed him.

Their dog saw me first. The big black hound ran out to jump around the flivver and bark. When I got out I patted his head, but I was watching the porch door. I was watching with a kind of prayer for things to work out right.

And Ellie came out. Ellie looked beautiful. She looked so beautiful it put a clamp on my heart. She had the late sun in her red-gold hair. She wore a white blouse and a skirt, and it seemed as if I'd never seen before how slim and straight she was.

As she came down the porch steps her eyes were round. Her face was sort of pale.

"Jeff!" she said.

I just waited, not knowing what to say. Tod Deever was on the porch now. He'd come out after her, and he was standing there, twisting his hat in his hands and looking worried—a heavy-set man my own age, with rusty hair tumbling over his forehead.

"Hi, Jeff," he said. "I—I sure was surprised to spot you in that car—"

I kept watching Ellie. Nothing was the way I'd always thought it would be, with Ellie rushing into my arms and kissing me and holding me tight and maybe sobbing a little. No, it wasn't like that at all. She came fast enough, all right, and she even kissed me. But it was like a cousin kissing you, or an aunt—a quick kiss on the cheek and then stepping back. She was pale and nervous, and her smile was stiff.

"Tod was telling me you were back," she said in a whisper. "I—I could hardly believe it—"

There wasn't much sense asking questions. I could see the way things stood. My insides seemed to fall away. I looked from Ellie up to Tod Deever, and for a while I couldn't get any words out of my throat. I couldn't even hear what she was saying to me. It sounded far away. It wasn't real.

When the words did come, I said, "I thought Uncle Hoke was drunk when he started telling me about you and Tod."

She didn't answer. She tried, but she just couldn't, and she had to look away, with her hands tearing at each other. Seeing how it was, Tod Deever came down the steps to help her.

"ALL right, Jeff," he said in a quiet way. "You might as well know now as later. We're fixin' to get married. Middle of next month."

It was queer, the thing that happened inside me—like blackness spilling itself all over my brain and my feelings and my common sense. Yet in the blackness a single white-hot flame blazed high and wild. For a minute it made me crazy. It was the same kind of craziness I'd felt the time I ran head-on at the Jap machine-gun nest, flinging grenades and not giving a damn what happened to me.

I should have known I couldn't fight a man now. I should have known a fight would rip my wounded insides to pieces and start them bleeding again. But I didn't care. I was too crazy to care. Tod Deever had taken my girl.

I doubled up my fists and went at him.

What are Jeff's chances against Tod Deever? Even while he grieves for Ellie, other girls enter his life, and Will Ducane offers friendship.

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

TREEDITION: Washington chopping the cherry tree.

SPEARIT: A ghost with a lance in its pants.

CURRAGE: Mongrel tenacity.

CURIE-OSITY: How radium was discovered.

SANTATARIUM: Where Mr. Claus goes after a busy Christmas.

ROARATORY: Speech by the King of the Beasts.

NOAHTIFICATION: Advance word to ready the Ark for the flood.

PIGTURE: Stoatograph.

COLLITCH: A place where you learn to scratch yourself.

DECISIEVE: One that finally strains everything.

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- Helps you wear and become accustomed to new plates.
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

LIFEBOAT

Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix, Henry Hull *(Twentieth Century Fox)*

LIFEBOAT is a terrifying and exciting picture. For two solid hours you watch nine people in a lifeboat struggling for existence. Director Alfred Hitchcock never lets the camera move outside this boat, but you won't miss the expansive shots and the expensive scenery you've come to expect of most movies.

The film opens with a startling shot: the funnel of a torpedoed freighter gurgling down into the oily waters of the Atlantic. The camera moves slowly, relentlessly, over to a drifting lifeboat. Connie Porter (Tallulah Bankhead), famous world traveler and reporter, sits in the boat alone, calmly checking over her possessions —her camera, typewriter, and mink coat. One by one, then, the sea yields up other oil-drenched survivors. There is a millionaire shipbuilder, the ship's steward, a radioman, two sailors, a nurse, a mother and her dead baby. And finally there is the captain of the Nazi U-boat which was sunk while torpedoing the freighter.

The motley crew debates as to whether they will let the Nazi (Walter Slezak) stay, or throw him overboard. One of the strongest arguers for a humanitarian attitude is the business magnate (Henry Hull), who assumes command of the lifeboat as his rightful position. However, the boat's compass has been smashed and he is as helpless as the rest in trying to set the course for Bermuda—except for the Nazi. Little by little, the Nazi captain assumes command. When one of the sailors (William Bendix) develops gangrene, the Nazi saves the man's life by cutting off his leg. When a vicious lashing storm comes up, he takes over—bringing order out of chaos. He comforts the others with soft German songs; he rows tirelessly hour after hour as the little lifeboat creaks dismally over the empty sea —headed not for Bermuda but for an enemy supply ship. Suddenly the others find the Nazi has a compass, and a secret supply of food and water. In one blinding, searing, awful moment of rage, they leap on him—to kill him.

The highbrow movie critics have had a lot to say about the deeper meanings of Lifeboat. While you're rooted to your seat, you'll probably only think of the actual plot. But when you get home, you may decide that the picture also says that it takes a long time for the people of a democracy to get so thoroughly aroused they will act together against a common enemy.

Every actor and actress turns in a polished performance. But certainly the most fascinating person to watch is sultry-eyed Tallulah Bankhead as she throws her lissome weight around the lifeboat.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

IN OUR TIME (Columbia). Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Nazimova. Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan. Drama.
THE LODGER (20th Cent.-Fox). Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar. Drama.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.

THE HEAVENLY BODY

THE first thing you ought to know about this picture is that the title, The Heavenly Body, doesn't refer strictly to Hedy Lamarr, although the lady, clad lightly in a negligee, does figure in the plot. Her husband (William Powell) is a famous astronomer who discovers that a billion-ton planet is spinning through space, headed straight for the moon. Naturally this sort of job keeps him up nights. And though his discovery may be important scientifically, his home life takes a terrific beating. The blow-off comes when Hedy is told by her astrologer-neighbor (Fay Bainter) that a tall, dark, and handsome man will soon enter her life. The T. D. and H. man turns out to be the new air-raid warden (James Craig). It's a comedy of errors, which threatens momentarily to come apart at the seams. However, the picture does offer a fair amount of hilarious entertainment. (M-G-M.)

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

THE FIGHTING SEABEES packs a wallop in more ways than one. True enough, romance blooms in a jungle war setting. But the main story is the birth of that amazing branch of the Navy—the Seabees. John Wayne plays the part of a building contractor who gets fighting mad when he learns that the Japs have wiped out half of a construction gang he sent to the South Pacific. He rushes to Washington to get permission to give his men guns—even though they're civilians. With the Navy Department he works out the idea of the Seabees (C. B.s, Construction Battalions) who will be volunteer builders wearing Navy uniforms with ample Navy training on how to handle a gun. The story follows one of these units to action on another South Pacific island. Susan Hayward as a war correspondent and Dennis O'Keefe as a Navy officer complete the hearts-and-flowers triangle. (Republic.)

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The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

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Robert Walker, whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie. ★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—Leo

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(*Continued from page 54*)

politely but firmly: "No, I think Fred would be better."

Students are also permitted to work in the school program. A student-parent-teacher association, probably the first one of its kind in the country, has been started at Classical High School. Parents and teachers find that many practical problems come to the fore when pupils are present.

Recognizing that the child gets much of his background from the community itself, the Board of Education has organized a system of adult education forums that has already won national recognition. All controversial issues are discussed, with the public invited to participate. That an average of 1,000 persons attend the forums attests to their popularity.

The adult evening classes have fostered a realistic discussion of social, economic, and political problems. As already indicated, school officials have gone right into the community to educate employers and dissuade them from discriminatory practices.

The teachers, too, need attention, for the program can rise or fall on their attitude. At first many of them were frankly skeptical, but they agreed to give the experiment a fair trial. A series of seminars has been introduced where the problems of prejudice and intolerance are critically examined, and Professor Clyde R. Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, who has been serving as an expert guide for the program, is conducting courses for the teachers, stressing the best ways of using the new materials.

One markedly discernible result of all this has been the breakdown of cliques in the schools. Formerly the children, as happens in most schools, split off into small racial or religious groups or on economic lines. Today the children of all races share their daily pleasures and experiences harmoniously.

The Springfield Plan is a positive approach to the grave problems of anti-Semitism and the growing race issues, an approach that augurs well for the present and for the postwar program in American life. The implications are staggering. It shows that a community, by going all-out in a total war on prejudice, can succeed.

THE END

"Why didn't you tell me you had a dropped living room?"

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T suspect that the above was drawn by our cartoon editor, Lawrence Lariar, apropos of his $1,000 Dodd, Mead prize-winning whodunit, The Man with the Lumpy Nose. It is a yarn of cartoonists—an odd breed—with a serious undercurrent, and is the third mystery story he has written in his spare moments. Concocting them is his pet hobby. Lariar edits Best Cartoons of the Year, and is president of the American Society of Magazine Cartoonists. He first saw the light of day on Christmas, 1908, in Brooklyn—just another phenomenon of the city that the late James Huneker called "a continent."

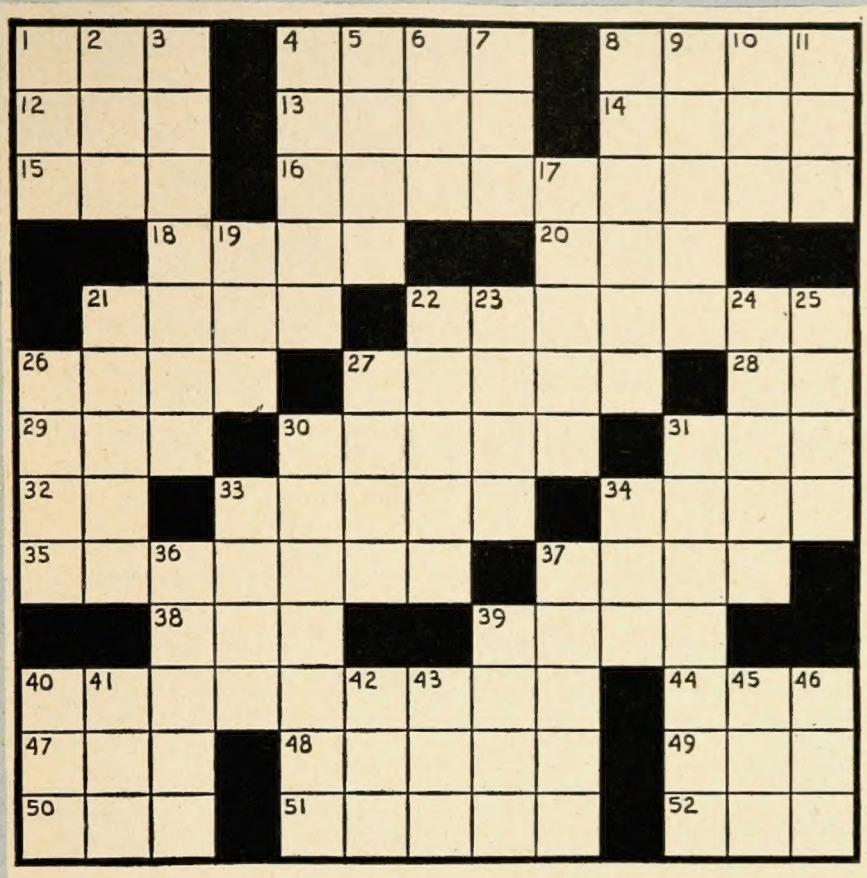
TO DO JUSTICE to the three-ring-circus life of Robert Spencer Carr, who wrote Lie Detector, in this issue, we'd have to fill a volume. At fifteen he was writing and selling "penny dreadfuls" to the pulps; at seventeen he wrote a sociological novel, The Rampant Age, that became a best seller, was translated into Swedish and German, and was publicly burned by the Nazis. Hollywood then claimed him, but before very long he cried, "The lotus cloys!" and took off. Five years were spent in Russia, where he was graduated from a university and taught English. He says he introduced the word "gag" into the Russian language, and it was made a verb—*ogegirovat*, to gagify.

ANOTHER ADVENTURER we introduce to you is Henry A. Standish, who had an amazing escape from Siam into Burma when the Japs took over. He hiked and hitchhiked for 1,200 miles to Rangoon, over terrain which included mountains, jungle, and rivers. He saw the fall of Singapore, was in India when the Cripps mission arrived, and witnessed the riots and bloodshed when Gandhi was arrested.

THE EDITORS.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What Russian river means a mechanical bottleneck?
4 What must be broken before it can be used?
8 What has no President since McKinley been?
12 What are the fightinest initials in the world?
13 What was the great sound from the Lost Chord?
14 Safe word for sailors to use?
15 Who was the frivolous gal of song?
16 Napoleon believed God was on the side of the biggest what? (sing.)
18 Harpo Marx is known as King what?
20 --- de France
21 The husband of a sow is known as an old what?
22 The manufacture of what product increases just before election time?
26 Wodehouse's Gussie Finknottle made an intensive study of what waterbug?
27 Who flies without wings?
28 Who gave Cleopatra her suntan?
29 They (French)
30 Man doesn't know what trouble is till he's what?
31 What's the most moving thing in the fall?
32 Where does Willkie hope to settle down? (abbr.)
33 What take a bad licking summer evenings?
34 That thing on Hitler—is it a face, or is it a this?
35 Big Bertha did what to Paris in the last war?
37 For the manufacture of what will Germany pay a terrible price?
38 Gal's nickname
39 What's known as Llamallama Land?
40 Who was a Lady Above Suspicion?
44 The circus is called the big what?
47 Once called stone, what is now called modern?
48 What kind of apparel is popular in summer?
49 A sixth of the Light Brigade was what?
50 Bon what was a popular name for dep't stores?
51 Where are the best places in which to see wild animals?
52 When is the best time to buy war bonds?

P	A	P	E	R	D	O	L	L	■	P	S	S	T
H	I	L	L	B	I	L	L	Y	■	E	T	H	E
E	D	A	M	■	M	E	D	E	■	E	R	O	S	E
W	E	N	■	B	O	A	S	■	D	R	I	E	S	■
■	■	■	F	A	U	N	■	J	E	E	P	■	■	■
B	A	L	L	E	T	■	H	E	I	R	E	S	S	■
A	M	E	E	R	■	T	O	R	T	S	■	W	P	A
R	I	T	A	■	P	I	N	K	Y	■	S	E	A	R
E	S	U	■	C	U	B	E	S	■	S	H	A	N	K
■	S	P	E	L	L	E	D	■	S	H	A	R	K	S
■	■	■	L	A	S	T	■	T	W	I	G	■	■	■
L	E	A	S	E	■	P	A	I	N	■	F	L	A	■
P	A	R	I	S	■	B	A	R	N	■	F	A	U	X
S	T	O	N	E	■	S	P	A	G	H	E	T	T	I
■	E	W	E	S	■	M	A	S	S	E	U	S	E	S

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 The motto of what line is: The public be jammed?
2 Here are those important initials again
3 Complete: "Grass may grow over streets, but never over - - - - - - -!"
4 Hurling the what is a popular Scotch sport?
5 Who said: "They say the lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep?"
6 In tennis a service ball that touches the netcord is called a what?
7 This is dynamite, look out! (abbr.)
8 What our reactionary congressmen would cheat our soldiers of
9 Complete: "This actor is better than 4-F, he's an enemy - - - - -!"
10 M-G-M's lion's name---?
11 —and his home
17 What he did till the doctor came?
19 Dickens' Fat Boy took time out from sleeping to do what?
21 How did Falstaff punctuate his speeches?
22 With what kind of breath did Lizzie Starstruck look at Captain Gable?
23 What are glasscoated coolers of the inner man?
24 What can't you do when you make mistakes during the rubber shortage?
25 Name the U. S. Army newspaper
26 Bird nests
27 Rum's a product of sugar what?
30 What's the most shellfish family in the world? (var.)
31 What Russian General turned the tide at Kiev, then invaded Poland?
33 Fast pace
34 Deface
36 Who was Lochinvar's bride?
37 What do harness racers race in?
39 What was the most lonesome tree of song?
40 On whom did the eloping couple blame the noise in Pinafore?
41 "Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, long, long - - -!"
42 What letters are commonly associated with radio?
43 Xanthippe was the world's worst what?
45 Three of the things our flyers are rubbing out this very minute
46 In comic strips what word describes a terrific blow on the head?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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MARCH 4, 1944

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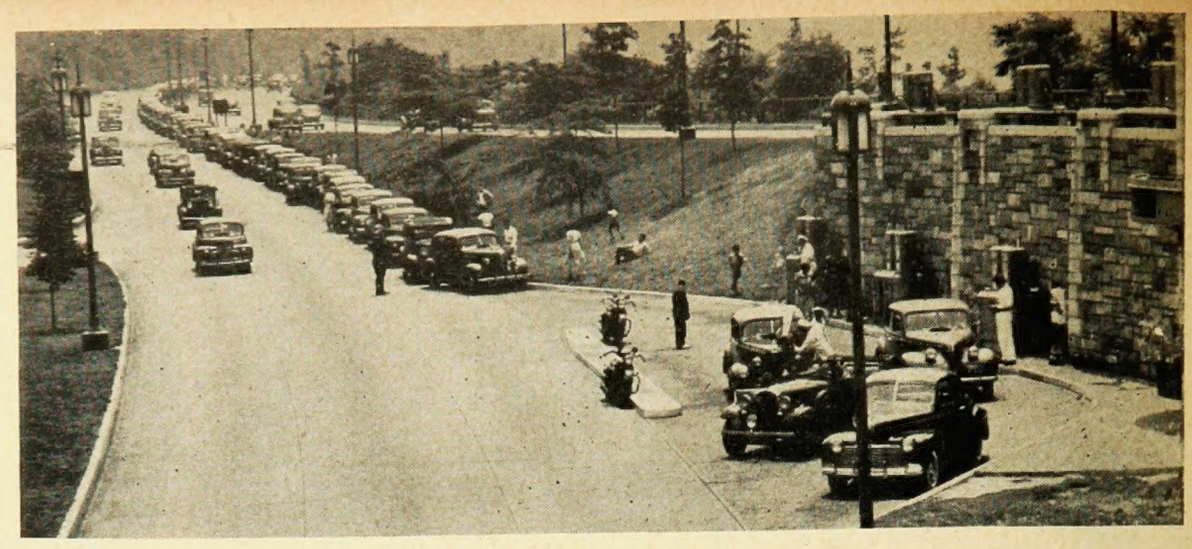
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



Is the war to be prolonged by our heedless use of tires and gasoline?

LETTER FROM A CIVILIAN

LIBERTY'S editorial in the January 15th issue, Where's All the Sacrifice We Talk About? brought a volume of letters. Among them was one which deserves wide circulation. We offer it here, as fully as space permits.

Dear Mr. Hunter:

Your editorial in the January 15th issue prompts the writing of this letter. I, also, have been greatly concerned about the apparent lack of sacrifice among all people, not excluding ourselves who have boys overseas.

Whom are we cheating? Ourselves? Our boys? Humanity in general? Two years ago I actually relished the thought of the curtailment or total abandonment of many luxuries and entertainments. I felt there would be great self-satisfaction in doing without so some one else could have. At the beginning of the war we were told what to expect in the way of sacrifices. Generally speaking, they have not caught up with us yet. So far, very few of us have had to forgo peacetime extravagances, let alone necessities.

I am a small-town business man, and I have observed that wherever there is anything obtainable that money will buy the populace as a whole is "spending-mad." "Get it before some one else gets it."

What is this unconcerned, extravagant spending and immoderate living leading us to, in times such as these? Anything to be afraid of? Who knows—who can tell us?

I have bought war bonds, possibly as much as any individual in our community. All those connected with my family have also. And yet, we have sacrificed scarcely a necessity. Our tables have been abundantly spread, and at times I have felt inwardly ashamed to sit down to them. Yet our boys in camp and those overseas write us they are being abundantly fed.

When the tire and gasoline problem came up, we were handed the requisites for continued driving. We have used many gallons of gasoline unnecessarily. The main gasoline station in our town on week-ends is jammed with our "better" citizens clamoring to get filled up before the supply runs short. In this respect, our village is not the exception. What has all this wastage of gasoline and tires meant? Anything? Are our bombers waiting for fuel? Apparently not, for our attacks on our enemies have become greater and greater each week. My boy is piloting a bomber, and as far as I know he has never been retarded in his missions for the lack of gas or ammunition. But is the war to continue longer, and will my boy and thousands of others not quite see it through because we have not tightened our belts a few more notches, and done without more?

Mr. Hunter, what can you or I do about it? What would you and I accomplish if we refused the steaks our butchers offer us? Some one else equally as undeserving would eat them. What would be gained if you and I tore up all our shoe-ration stamps and got out our back numbers?

Many of us have sons and relatives in this war. Yet we leave our jobs on strike, not because we are hungry but merely because we are being inconvenienced. I doubt if many of those who have expounded over and over again to us that dangers lie ahead for us in our neglect have been practicing much sacrificing, either.

From the highly educated to the most ignorant, who don't know any different, you can see on all sides utter disregard of war sacrifice. Every man and woman who has a beloved one in this war has a feeling of indescribable restlessness.

No doubt this tirade sounds as though I am worried. I *am* worried. I am worried about what my next mail may bring. If I read in tomorrow morning's paper that hostilities have ceased and our boys are on their way home, I will still be very much worried as to just what we are going to have for them to face. Things seem to be in a maze to me. Maybe I consume too much war literature. I hope my worries are unfounded and needless. But if the American people ever get panicky over any real calamity, or a presumed one, they will be just as ungovernable as any other group of humans or beasts the world over. We Americans could lose all in a very short space of time if too many mistakes are made. Are we making these mistakes? Are all these cross-purposes really freedom? Cannot freedom consume itself?

Maybe things are as they should be, but with spendthrift waste in every direction and such extravagant, needless dispersements of our monies, both individual and governmental, I wince to think what may really lie ahead for us and those boys to whom we are so greatly indebted.

CLYDE P. RICE.

All of which indicates once again the need for our leaders to set forth in law whatever sacrifices victory requires, instead of relying on appeals and exhortations. If equal sacrifice is imposed on all, none will object.

Paul Hunter

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. . . FOR ALL

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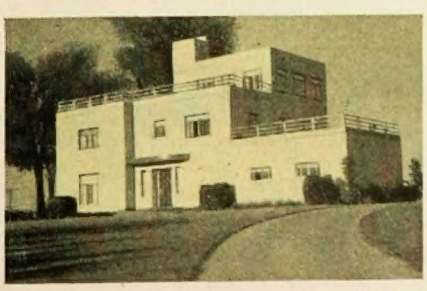

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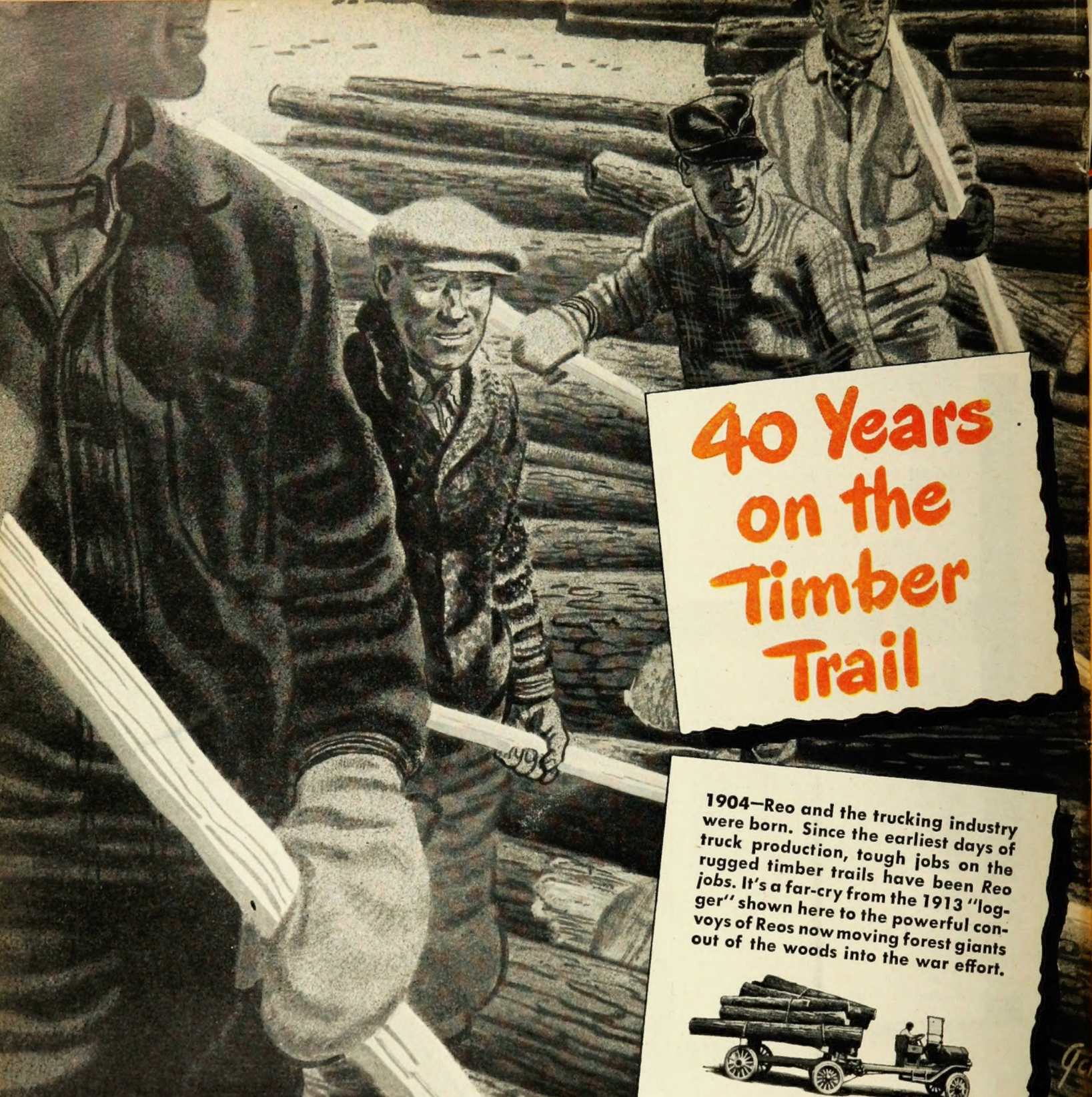
New ideas may change your plans for postwar housing. And the purchase of a "sample" pint of Corby's might change your whiskey preference, once you try this light, sociable blend. Distilleries are on war work, but there is enough Corby's to enable you to buy a "sample." *And an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



40 Years on the Timber Trail

1904—Reo and the trucking industry were born. Since the earliest days of truck production, tough jobs on the rugged timber trails have been Reo jobs. It's a far-cry from the 1913 "logger" shown here to the powerful convoys of Reos now moving forest giants out of the woods into the war effort.

For 40 years the name Reo has been the hallmark of truck engineering leadership. During those years Reo has pioneered many advances in truck design which are today taken for granted. Pneumatic tires for truck operation, electric lights and starters, the dry disc clutch and internal hydraulic brakes are but a few of the famous "Reo Firsts" . . . and before Pearl Harbor, Reo was already on its way to the production of tough vehicles of war as well as other intricate mechanisms of battle which are at work today on all fighting fronts. *A limited quota of Reo medium and heavy-duty trucks is available for civilian use in 1944. Ask your Reo dealer for details.*

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War Bonds Are Your Share in Victory!